WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1907. No. 10

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GORDON NYE.

WATSON'S EDITORIALS.

HOW TO CURB THE FEDERAL JUDGES

This question is becoming one of National importance and urgency.

It is monstrous that such men as Jones of Alabama and Pritchard of North Carolina should usurp powers that the President of the United States does not dare to grasp.

Would Mr. Roosevelt venture to forbid the Corporations Commission of Virginia to **exercise a legislative** authority, vested in the Commission by law?

Would he order the Governor of Alabama, the Attorney-General, and the other officers of the State, **not to enforce the laws which they are sworn to enforce?**

Certainly not. The President has no such legal authority **nor have the Federal Judges.**

The Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution of the United States had no other purpose than to establish, in behalf of the States, the time-honored principle that **the Sovereign shall not be sued by the Subject,** save by his own consent.

Chisholm had sued the State of Georgia; and the Great Usurper, John Marshall—he who, in the course of his disgraceful conduct of the Aaron Burr trial, had sought to compel **President** Jefferson to reduce himself to the level of a common witness!—had held that a private citizen **could** sue a sovereign State.

The decision created such universal dissatisfaction that the States adopted the Eleventh Amendment, for the expressed purpose of putting an end to that sort of thing.

A railroad corporation is a private citizen, and when it brings **a case against the State authorities,** it is, of course, **suing the State.**

Nobody but a rancorous partisan, or a judicial ignoramus, would ever hold otherwise.

Was the Southern Railroad suing and enjoining **private citizens?** Did it allege that private citizens, as such, were about to do it irreparable injury; and that, therefore, these private citizens should be restrained from doing the things threatened? No, of course not.

What the railroads alleged was that **the State,** acting as it must necessarily do, through its constituted authorities, was about to inflict irreparable damage upon them. **The State**

authorities were the State, itself. The action of State authorities is the action of the State. The State is not capable of being seen, heard, or felt, save through her constituted authorities. When these move, the State moves. When these stop, the State is halted. When these are sued, the State is sued.

The fact that the corporation lawyers have succeeded in befuddling a few of the judges on this question, is the strongest proof of the unlimited audacity and fertility of the corporation lawyers. They have actually driven Jones and Pritchard into the absurdity of holding that a State is not sued when her State authorities are sued.

If the Louisville & Nashville Railroad should enter suit against the State of Alabama for one thousand dollars, the service would have to be perfected by serving copies of the process upon the State authorities. Were such a suit brought and served, Judge Jones would promptly dismiss the case because it is in violation of the Eleventh Amendment.

Yet, when the L. & N. Railroad brings its case directly against the State authorities, as such, asking that they be restrained from carrying on the State administration, this same Judge Jones decides that he can grant an order which halts the State in its action as a State. To make sure that he was right about this, the Judge published his decision in advance of the hearing. Such conduct needs no comment, no denunciation—it carries its own condemnation with it.

As to Judge Pritchard, the facts are equally discreditable. He was the attorney of the Southern Railway before he went on the Bench; practically, he is its Chief Counsel now. If his son-in-law is not also one of its lawyers, he has recently retired. Throughout the proceedings of the Railroad against the States of Virginia and North Carolina, Judge Pritchard was apparently in frequent consultation with the delectable Alfred Thom and the other Southern Railroad attorneys. On the day that President Finley was arrested by a State officer, Pritchard jerked out a Habeas Corpus so quickly that it remains a matter of some doubt which got there first, the arrest of Finley, or the release of Finley.

* * * * * *

But, what shall we do about it? These men are appointed for life. That is where our forefathers blundered. In a Republic no official should be placed beyond the reach of the people. That feature of our system is anomalous, inconsistent, abhorrent, calamitous. But how to get rid of it—there's the rub.

We offer these suggestions, and have faith in their virtue:

(1) The President appoints these Federal Judges: by right, he should have the power to remove them. Logically, the Executive which chooses its agents, should have **the authority to dismiss the unsatisfactory agent.**

Now, suppose the President were to say to Judge Pritchard, "**I gave you your appointment, because I believed you to be a good man for the place; but you have been tried and found wanting; your official conduct meets my disapproval, and is a source of embarrassment to me.** THEREFORE, I ASK YOU TO RESIGN."

Would that be effective? Could any Federal Judge afford to hold his place **after** the President of the United States had condemned him?

I think not. Public Opinion is growing more powerful all the time, and **no public officer could stand against President and people.** Much as Pritchard and his son-in-law may love the Southern Railroad, they hardly love it so will as to defy such an intensity of hostile feeling as would be aroused by the Judge's refusal to resign at the President's request.

(2) Congress could act condemning obnoxious Judges, and demanding their removal. I do not believe that any public officer could hold on to a position after Congress had declared him unfit.

(3) State Legislatures and Governors could declare against encroaching Federal Judges so forcibly that such Judges might be reluctant to brave the odium incurred by refusal to resign.

(4) **Congress could sweep away the lower Federal Courts, altogether,**—leaving the Supreme Court suspended in the air.

Then, when another Judiciary Act is passed, the jurisdiction of these anomalous courts can be strictly limited.

In these Life-Tenure Courts, where the Judge is a "bigger man than old Grant," Oriental despotism develops. As now constituted, these courts are at war with the democratic spirit which should prevail in a Republic. **No Congressman could do a more popular thing than to devote himself to the work of abolishing these Federal Courts.**

CONFISCATORY IMPUDENCE.

Reduced to its literal meaning, this is what the Railroads claim:

"We demand the right to water our stock whenever we get ready. We demand the right to spend millions of dollars every year employing Press Agents and Special Counsel to debauch public men and to mis-guide public opinion. We demand the right to collude with the Express Companies, so that those robbers who divide among themselves net profits of two hundred per cent. may carry the cream of our business at fancy prices,—the secret being that **the inner clique which controls the Express Company is also the inner clique which controls the railroad.** We demand the right to pay huge salaries to figure-heads and dummies, who pose as officers of the roads when, in fact, **they are used to cloak and conceal actual conditions which the law prohibits.** We demand the right to grant free tickets to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars per year, for the purpose of keeping on the good side of Congressmen, Legislators, Judges, and other officials, **from whom we seek favors which we ought not to have.** We demand **the right to continue our reckless mismanagement,**—our refusal to adopt safety appliances; our refusal to put road bed and bridges in first-class condition; our refusal to double-track, to abolish the grade-crossing, to adopt the automatic switch, to employ the most competent men and a sufficiency of them;—we demand the right to continue this ruinous policy, **although it results in frightful loss of life and damage suits which cost us an immense amount of money.**

"But we demand all this, nevertheless; and, if a State, or the nation, tries to save the people from the extortion and the favoritism which we have systematized, we will whoop for our corporation lawyers, who in turn will whistle for our Corporation Judges and **we will block the wheels of government by pleading** CONFISCATORY.

"We will say that unless we are allowed to continue to mismanage our property just as we are now doing, we will lose our **net profits,** and thus **our entire estate will be Confiscated.**

"We will not only **say** this, but will **swear** to it. And while the facts we swear to, in the Plea of 'Confiscatory,' **are wholly different from the facts which we swore to when we made our Tax Returns,** still we will perjure ourselves like gentlemen, to maintain a system demanded of us by the Wall Street rascals who own us."

Reduced to its literal meaning, **there** is your absurd, monstrous, insolent and non-legal plea of **"Confiscatory,"**—as set up by our railroads.

ARISE, BROTHER, AND CLAIM THINE OWN.

RANDOM TALK ABOUT NERVOUS PEOPLE.

Wasn't it Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, who said that the mental dullness of a man could be measured by the amount of noise he could endure without protest? Did he not practically contend that nobody but a very stupid person could be insensible to annoyance of dog-barking, cock-crowing, calf-lowing, piano-thumping, and similar afflictions?

I guess the old philosopher was feeling out of sorts and cross, when he went to the extreme above mentioned. Napoleon could sleep on the battle-field, and surely Napoleon was not a dull man. Burns composed his best poem during a ride in a thunder storm—and in Scotland a thunder-clap is some noise. Sir Walter Scott wrote his best books while workmen of all kinds were building him a great, new house; and the sound of hammer and saw and chisel is generally considered a tribulation.

So it must be that the suffering from noise does not necessarily imply lofty intellect; nor does the fact that the well-fed and perhaps fatigued citizen sleeps soundly all night, while his neighbor's dog is impartially saluting each star in the heavens with the same monotonous yelp, raise any presumption against the integrity of the mental machine of said citizen.

It isn't so much a question of brains as of nerves.

Julius Cæsar could not hear a rooster crow without shuddering; but it isn't every fellow who shudders when the rooster crows that has the head of a Cæsar.

DeQuincy would fall into an agony of pain when the peacock opened up in tuneful numbers; but it isn't every objector to pea-fowl yells that could write "The Household Wreck," or "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe."

Carlyle, when in Scotland, fretted and fumed because the roosters broke upon his meditations; and in London he complained bitterly of the piano next door; but it isn't everyone who finds fault with pianos and chickens that could produce "Sartor Resartus" and "The French Revolution."

I have my own idea about a man who is not at all put out by the long-continued lowing of a calf or a cow; but I dare not express that opinion. It would lose me the good will of hundreds of people who no more mind the lowing of a cow than they do the fifteen-minute solo of the factory whistle, or the practice-lesson of a boy aspiring to a place in the brass band.

The royal stag may be king of a boundless range of forest, but he is powerless to escape the vermin that burrow between his horns,—pestering him every day of his life. Looking out upon the waters of the ocean, you will see the great sword-fish, a terror of the deep, spring into the air and give himself a convulsive shake; he is trying to shake off the tiny fish, which are to him what the barnacles are to a ship.

It is much the same with human life. While Hercules struggles with the monster, the little crab nibbles his toe. The small things vex, where the large things would but rouse one to exertion. Many trifling annoyances, coming at once, or in quick succession, drive one to a frenzy; when, if they had all been concentrated in one trouble, our fortitude would have steadied the boat.

DeMorny, the half-brother of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, was a very great man; he put the stupid Louis Napoleon upon the throne and kept him there while he lived; yet with all his power, DeMorny did not know how to escape the nuisance of a flute-player whose room was in earshot of the Duke's palace.

The first Napoleon detested and dreaded three smaller men,—Fouché, Talleyrand, and Bernadotte; yet, with all continental Europe at his feet, this greatest of men did not know how to rid himself of three deadly enemies who were apparently in his power.

Similarly afflicted, the English King, Henry the Second, cried out in a burst of impotent rage, "Will nobody deliver me of this pestiferous Monk?"—and three zealous courtiers went straightway to the church and slew the Monk with their swords; whereupon Thomas 'a Becket, the factious Monk, becomes "Saint Thomas of Canterbury"; and the proud King goes penitentially to the tomb and gets upon his knees, lays bare his royal back, and is retributively scourged by surviving Monks.

So it seems that in striving to get free from the little aggravations, we may easily run into big troubles.

The antlered stag may roam ever so fast and far, but the parasite still burrows into his head. The sword-fish may spring ever so often and so high, but, in spite of all his convulsive shakes, some of the tiny fish will hang on.

So with us, the small vexations are inseparable from life; and perhaps if we could remove this one, and that one, and the other one, we might become intolerably exacting, and might complain, as the spoiled Grecian did, when his couch of roses broke, with a crumpled leaf, the complete sweetness of his rest.

Just as the silk-wearing warriors of Darius were as children in combat with the hardened veterans of Alexander, so, after all, we civilians must learn to bear *the weight of the armor and the discipline,* if we ever expect to accomplish much.

* * * * * * *

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, if I could not get away from a cow that lows all the time, and a dog that barks all the time, and a rooster that crows all the time, and a piano that bangs all the time, *somebody* would have to lock me up in the asylum. Sure!

Concerning which many tales are told.

For instance,—but there are so many of them that this magazine wouldn't hold them. Will tell you all about it, some other time.

The best way to shut off the cow nuisance is to buy the cow. No matter what the price is, *buy!* She'll be cheap, at any price. The chances are that the poor thing is in distress about something, and that one day in a different pasture will ease her mind. Then you can quietly give the cow away, and when some one puts out the report that you killed her, trust to the good sense of those whose opinions are worth anything to laugh at the report.

The best way to abate the chicken nuisance is to swap roosters, —which is never difficult if you take the precaution to have the best breed of chickens that money can buy.

As to the piano and dog calamity, the problem is more complex. In most cases a little tact, a polite note, a courteous explanation accompanied by a reasonable request, will relieve the situation. But if all other remedies fail, look around and get you another place to live. It will be better in the long run. Nothing so soon unbalances a man as a perpetual annoyance, which nags at him every day of his life. The irritaton will become a serious inroad upon the comfort to which he is entitled in his home.

The raindrop wears away the rock; and many a man who ought to have gone joyously to take his place in the march and the battle of important effort, has been worn into peevish, inactive discontent by the constant drip of trivial aggravations.

That mysterious character of the Thirty Years war, Wallenstein, who was *almost* a match for "the Great Adolphus" himself, was unruffled while cannon boomed and swords clashed, but he could not bear the rattle of a spur dragging at the heels of the wearer. Nor could he endure the barking of dogs. To

have peace in his home, in Prague, he bought all the surrounding property.

The philosopher Kant moved away from a pleasant home to escape the nuisance of a crowing cock on the adjoining place.

Rather than his life worried out of him by pin-pricks and flea-bites, it is better that each of us should do in our small way what Wallenstein found it necessary to do. If we cannot buy a place big enough to afford a quiet centre for our study or work, we can do what Immanuel Kant did—move out and let the chicken crow to the fellow who doesn't mind it.

Why should a man waste his strength in struggles where the game isn't worth the candle? As we grow in wisdom, we husband our resources for nobler purpose.

Consider the case of Daniel Webster and the rooster, at the country Fair.

Who was grander than Daniel Webster, on a great subject and a great occasion? No man that ever lived. Yet when he attended the Country Fair and got up to make a hum-drum speech, the big rooster in one of the coops began to crow—thinking about the prize, maybe,—and "the god-like Daniel" gave up the unequal contest. No speech from Webster *that* day.

To rise in the Senate and hurl Jovian thunderbolts at Hayne or Calhoun, was worth his while; but to speak at a Country Fair, against a blamed old rooster!—no wonder Webster gave it up and sat down.

THE COTTON GROWER LOSES BOTH WAYS.

A part of the game of the Privileged Few, who are banqueting royally on the benefits of law-made monopoly, **is to convince the victims that they are having a fine time.**

The Capitalist in his automobile,—with a fresh, young, high priced and recently bought wife by his side, goes spinning past the mill where the child-slaves toil, past the sweat-shop where the women stitch the shirt and the shroud, past the field where the white women and children are picking the cotton which will help to pay the tuition of the negroes who are in school, and this Automobile Autocrat sings out merrily,—

"You Laborers must be very happy! The Savings Banks can hardly hold your money!"

The Wall Street Corporation Kings who steal millions while you look helplessly on; who juggle with stocks and bonds as "three-card Monte" men do with the cards, robbing you and laughing at you; the powerful criminals who confess to violating the penal statutes and then go into the Cabinet instead of to the penitentiary; the railroad false-swearers, who perjure themselves when they take the oath to their tax returns, or when they make affidavit to the statements of valuations upon which they plead "**Confiscatory**" to the laws which reduce rates—these Wall Street corporation kings make it the business of their Press Agents to insert into the various magazines and newspapers articles which represent the wealthy farmer as laughing at the financial distress of the Wall Street millionaires.

The farmer is assured that he has the best of it. He is rich, he has plenty of money; he has no worries, he has no financial scares, he is cock of the walk, and bull of the woods. Cartoonists fall into line and they picture the robust farmer as the jolliest, luckiest, lordliest fellow in the world, getting rich faster than anybody else, so abundantly supplied with cash that he hardly knows what to do with his surplus. "Keep the victim happy; make him think that he is getting the best of it; in that way we tickle him into a smiling complacency while we separate him from all he makes—excepting just enough to encourage him to continue to work for us."

Such is the motto of the Privileged Few—those who run this Government in their own selfish interest.

How much reason the wealth producers have to be satisfied and happy, can be illustrated by explaining how the Cotton Grower is annually fleeced of millions of dollars.

When the Cotton Grower buys such products as canned goods, or stuff which comes in barrels and kegs, bottles, jugs, jars, bags, sacks, or canvas covers, he pays for the can, the barrel, the jug, the sack, or whatever else may contain the article purchased. No deduction is made for the keg, barrel, bottle, jar, sack, or can. In other words, no allowance is made for **Tare.**

The quart bottle does not contain a quart, nor the gallon jug a gallon. As a rule, the shortage in measure will at least pay for the bottle, or jug. So it is with jars and cans. When flour is bought by the sack or barrel, the weight of barrel or sack passes as flour and, as a rule, the weight is short. When meat comes heavily sacked in coarse sacks, the wrappage is paid for as meat. Numerous similar examples could be cited, but those will serve the purpose.

Now when the Cotton Grower brings his bale of cotton to market, does the buyer lose the weight of the bagging and ties?

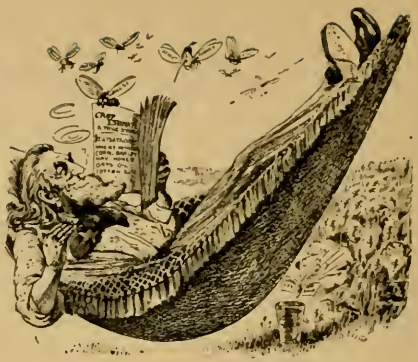
By no means. The farmer loses it.

The Liverpool market is the world's **Indicator** of the price of cotton. Liverpool does not **fix the price**, as you will hear

YOU LABORERS MUST BE HAPPY!

FROM N.Y. MAIL

FROM PHILADA. NORTH AMERICAN



FROM PHILADA. INQUIRER

Cartoonists working for corporation papers picture the farmer as the luckiest fellow in the world. The fact is there are 1,000,000 farmer families in this country who are never out of debt. The above cartoon is plain, unvarnished, brutal truth. The patient wife is the woman of all work—she is the cook, the nurse, the laundress, working from early sunrise until late into the night—never knowing what rest is, or means. By the time she is thirty-five years of age you see an old old wrinkled and worn out woman, one more victim of special privilege and corporation greed.

GORDON NYE

thoughtless people say: Liverpool merely **registers** it. Other markets conform to the Liverpool market just as the town-people set their watches by the town clock. **The time of day,** is not fixed by the clock, but **indicated,** only. No more does Liverpool fix the price of cotton—else Liverpool would not have to change it so often.

Now Liverpool, being the leading market, makes her offers for cotton on the basis of first allowing for **"C. I. F. and six per cent."**

In other words the buyers are instructed to make such an offer as will allow Liverpool a margin after allowing for cost, insurance, freight and **six per cent. of the weight of the bale.**

The average weight of the bales is about 500 pounds.

The price offered is based upon the idea that the farmer must lose 30 pounds.

Originally, of course, the intention was to make the farmer lose the weight of the bagging and ties. **Tare** was to be taken at his expense.

But the average weight of the bagging and ties is about 18 pounds; therefore when six per cent is knocked off the bale, the net loss to the grower is 12 pounds on each bale.

On a 12,000,000 bale crop, this annual loss amounts to 144,000,000 pounds of lint cotton.

At twelve cents, the money loss is $17,280,000.

As against the first 18 pounds lost on the bale, is to be set off the fact that the bagging and ties are weighed and paid for as cotton. It depends on the prevailing prices for cotton, and for bagging and ties, whether the farmer loses a little on this, or makes a little. In the past, he usually lost a little.

But as to the other 12 pounds, there is no set off whatever. It is a clear loss, for which there is no reason or justification.

It is robbery.

And it amounts to enough to give a first-class English Education to every white boy and girl in every one of the cotton growing States!

The Cotton Grower loses **Tare** both ways,—when he buys and when he sells,—and he is the only man who does it.

How long will he continue to submit to being robbed of Seventeen Million Dollars per year?

DREAM CHILDREN.

Elsewhere, in this number of the Magazine, will be found an exquisite bit of verse, by Miss Bonney, of Boston, Mass. **"Dream Babies,"** will not be understood by all of our readers. To the unmarried young people, it carries no special message. To the fortunate man and wife who are blessed with children, and who have lost none, "Dream Babies" means little or nothing. But in some of those tens of thousands of homes to which children did not come, or from which they were taken away after they came, the little poem will be understood.

Long ago, Charles Lamb wrote an essay on "Dream Children." He had known what it was to be tenderly attached to a good woman, whom he could not wed. Always poor, burdened with the duty of caring for a sister who was more or less insane, the gentle recluse went his way, in mournful resignation, leaving his lady-love to become the wife of another and more fortunate man. But Lamb never escaped "the quiet sense of something lost." Affectionate in disposition, upright and pure in character, the Domestic circle would have been to Charles Lamb an Eden of endless bliss. So it was that, in his later years, he brooded over what "might have been"; called around his knee the children of his fancy; and upon these, the ethereal creations of his brain, bestowed the caresses which actual children never came to enjoy.

In the imagination of Miss Bonney, as in that of Lamb, the Dream Children are those that are longed for; or those that should have come, and did not. But these are not the only ones that may be called Dream Babies.

Charles Dickens was referring to the other class when, in "Little Dorritt," he had Mr. Meagles, who lost one of his daughters in her childhood, to speak of the dead child **as growing up by the side of her surviving sister.**

Yes, the children which should have come and did not, are Dream Babies, but so, also, are those which should have stayed with us after they came,—and did not.

These seemed to die, and to the world they are dead—lost, forever lost. A narrow ridge in the church-yard, a tablet with a name and a date,—that is all. But, to the grief-racked parents, the child is not altogether dead. In that Dreamland which is as much a part of us as the visible world itself, the child lives; it comes back to us, now and then; reminds us of every little word and caress; and wrings our hearts, once more, with the infinite pain.

In "Little Dorritt," Charles Dickens fancies that the dead child grows apace with its sister, becoming taller as she grows taller, older as she grows older.

It is not so at all. The great novelist, whose noble soul sympathized with every living creature which suffered, made one of his few mistakes, in dealing with the Dream Children.

They do not change. Time halted at their grave: no more could he take or give. What they were the day they died, they remain. Children they were when Death hushed their lips and froze their little hands—and children they are in Dreamland.

The tracks that were all about the yard, on the dreadful day when sickness seized her, were still there when you came back from the funeral,—the tracks of a child at play: and while the merciful rain and wind and the passing of others soon hid these tiny foot-prints, the tracks that she would now make, if she could leave the borders of Dreamland, **would still fit the little shoes that are laid away.**

You sometimes hear her voice,—sometimes when the day is done, and the spirit of Silence has locked a slumbering world,—and the voice is that which you heard when she climbed up on the knee, and laid one hand to one cheek, saying **"This** side Mama's," lending **the other** to **your** kiss.

No, they do not grow up, along with the surviving children,—no, indeed! Carved upon the memory by the stern hand of Grief, their little figures are as immortally young as the marble children following the motionless procession upon a Grecian frieze.

You do not place her, in your fancy, beside the young people in the ball-room, or on the tennis ground, or even in the school-room. No: **she is too young to be there.** She would not be in her proper place. Nor is she apt to join other children, even of her own age, in the morning, or at mid-day.

No: she comes in the quiet, melancholy afternoon, when the shadows are growing longer, when the hurly-burly of the day is done. **Then** if there should be a group of little children playing about the yard, or lingering on the lawn, **she will come.**

You will see her with playmates of her own age; you may fancy her voice mingling with theirs: once more comes the holiest and sweetest of all melodies, **her laughter of the years gone by.**

Your **other** children grow up, pass out of the home, are swallowed up in the great big world. **But the Dream Children never leave you.**

There is a plaintive Scotch song whose burden is the Sweetheart's saying to her pleading lover,

"I must not leave the old folks yet, we'd better bide a wee."

But the Dream Children are yet more inseparable from home and parental love: **they abide with you evermore.**

To the living we sometimes feel like saying, "Oh that we could keep you just as you are,—always a child, always an innocent prattler, always free from care and sin and suffering."

The Dream Children are so,—they only. They never pass beyond the place where sleep steals every disappointment, cures every wounded feeling, hushes every sob, dries every tear.

Eternally young, eternally pure, she is yours yet,—a child as she was the day you closed her eyes.

Upon every Christmas Eve, she comes into the stillness of the Library, and she hangs her little stockings up, in the fireplace, just as she used to do. The other children learned the secret of Santa Claus long ago; and they quit hanging up their stockings on Christmas Eve. But **she** never learned the secret: **she will never learn it, now;** and in Dreamland she still loves Santa Claus. So it is that she comes softly into the Library, every Christmas Eve, and hangs up the little stocking, just as she did in those days when you did not know how much soul-anguish quivered in the voice that was heard in Ramah.

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The curse that weighs humanity down is that we see too plainly the bad that is in one another, and allow too little for the good. We know that **we** are part devil and part angel; but we act as though our fellow men **should be all angel.**

Fatal misunderstanding of one another, is the stumbling block to the brotherhood of Man. If we could know each other better: if we would help each other more: if we always praised where praise had been earned, and **always** blamed where blame was deserved,—we wouldn't have to die to learn the mysteries of Paradise. In each of us is a raging beast of animality, of lust, of cruelty, of greed. If you are a gentleman it is because you have chained up that beast. If **you** are a lady, it is because you have controlled **yourself.**

When I was a school boy, at dear old Mercer, I went one Sunday night, to hear Bishop Pierce preach. Bishop Geo. F. Pierce, I mean,—one of the grandest men that ever exemplified the noblest meaning of "Consecrated Genius."

It was in 1877; and the only thing that I remembered about it the day after,—I remember now; and that was the powerful manner in which he dwelt on the thought, "**Self-restraint** is

what made you a gentleman; self-restraint is what made you a lady."

Showing What?

The universal fact that at least two natures struggle for mastery in every man, and in every woman.

Edgar Poe, in his story of "William Wilson," vividly portrayed this tragedy,—the struggle, in the same man, of the two natures. The world was not ready to appreciate the wonderful art and genius displayed by Edgar Poe in "William Wilson"; it waited until Robert L. Stevenson did exactly the same thing, in "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde." Then it raved with admiration.

In you and in me, the same conflict goes on, forever, between the evil spirit and the good. To-day, the Evil Genius takes possession of us, and we sin. Then the good Angel gains the upper hand, and we repent bitterly what we did yesterday—and we do good to-morrow. When the angel of our better self is with us, the sunshine is brighter, the song of birds is sweeter, the faces of friends reflect our happiness, the home circle glows with joyous animation, and our souls expand to embrace all mankind.

When the Evil Genius comes, it is another world that we are in: and we are different beings. The malign Pontiff of the invisible papacy has put all nature and all nations under a blighting Interdict.

Joy flees, laughter dies away, the East wind blows; the clouds are leaden and low; we have no friends; home yields no happiness, life is not worth living.

Who has not experienced this? Happy the man who has not. But thrice happy the man who, being the victim of such a curse, will try, and try, and try again, to break the spell of this tremendous Excommunication. Thrice blessed the man who will say to the Evil One, "Though you fell me and degrade me ten thousand times, yet will I fight you ten thousand times more. Your willing slave I shall never be!"

And the Dream Children?

They, also, dare not cross the dead-line of the Interdict. On the dreadful day of Excommunication they, also, avoid us. In the death-struggle of fierce and ruthless passions, they have no place. They can only come to us when the Evil One has been thrown out. But when the spell has passed, when the heavens smile again, then she comes, then she sits upon the knee again, then her head nestles against the breast again: and once more is heard the old time music of her voice, as she puts a little hand to one of her cheeks and says "This side, Mama's."

The other cheek you may kiss,—as you yield to the infantile imperialism that reserves a realm which is sacred to her mother.

Some day the angels of our better selves will conquer the earth,—inaugurating the reign of Peace on earth and good will to men. In the radiant hosts which shall win that blessed day, the Dream Children will appear in all their glory;—for to them will be due the chastened spirits, the softened hearts, the consecrated efforts of thousands of those leaders who, in spite of every defeat, every failure, every obstacle, every danger, press forward, ever upward, with tranquil eyes that care little for the passing clouds, but rest always on the distant hills where eternal sunlight falls.

EDITORIAL NOTES

There are several reasons why the Federal Government fails to prosecute E. H. Harriman for his railroad rascalities. One of these reasons is, that he gave $260,000 to the Republican Campaign fund. This reason being sufficient in itself, the others are of no consequence.

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It is announced that the Government has decided not to investigate the railroad methods of J. J. Hill. The Government contends that the exposure of Harriman's sins converted Hill and others into saints. Inasmuch as none of the Harriman wrongs have been righted, and none of the Harriman plunder disgorged, it is somewhat difficult for the unofficial mind to content itself with so anomalous a condition of things. Investigations which simply establish, officially, the facts that were already well known, seem to be rather academic, if not farcical.

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John F. Gaynor, convicted criminal, has been furnishing the country an illustration of Federal Court methods. Although he and Greene defrauded the Government out of a very large sum of money, many years ago, the machinery of the Federal Courts appears to be unable to bring about punishment.

They—Greene and Gaynor—have been convicted, over and over again, but the trial never ends, and the convicted criminals are never punished.

The latest wrinkle in the case is the granting to Gaynor, who is said to be in bad health, the luxury of a sojourn at the well-known summer resort, the Indian Spring, near Flovilla, Georgia. "Col. Gaynor," as the respectful newspapers call our pet criminal, did not, it would seem, derive as much benefit from his summer outing as could have been wished; and it is said that he is now looking forward to an ocean-trip which the Federal Judge is asked to permit. Perhaps our Attorney General, who is something of a nabob himself, might suggest to the President, the tender of the use of the presidential yacht to our pet criminal, Colonel John Gaynor.

It wouldn't do a bit of good to say that the conduct of certain Federal Judges in this Greene-Gaynor case is a disgrace to the Federal Judiciary: therefore, I won't say it.

Dear Mr. President!

Let me whisper in your ear,—

"Disband that negro regiment which is such a white elephant on Uncle Sam's hands. As long as you have negro soldiers, you will have trouble.

* * * * * *

No Southern man who wants to know about the past and the great men thereof can afford to ignore the book of Lucian Knight. **"Reminiscences of Famous Georgians"** is a most interesting collection of valuable and reliable biographical data.

The old folks should read it to be refreshed: the young people should read it to be informed.

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Federal Judges who are ignorant of historic origins and the true meaning of legal maxims, are still holding that laws are unconstitutional when, according to the railroad methods and bookkeeping, the property is **threatened** with loss of profits by such laws. In other words, these Federal Judges hold, in effect, that **the Great Charter meant to guarantee to every business man a net profit on his business.**

Why can't the editors of the land see how silly, how nonsensical, this "Confiscatory" business is, and jeer it off the stage?

* * * * * *

When the National Government undertakes to lower the Tariff Duties upon manufactured goods, why cannot the mill-owners cook up a fine statement, showing that it is **now** all that they can do to make tongue and buckle meet; and that if the Tariff Duties are lowered, bringing down prices on their products, the net profits will be taken out of their business? Why cannot the mill-owners plead that **the loss of net profits is a Confiscation of the factory,** just as rationally as the railroads are pleading that loss of profits is confiscation of all the realty and personalty they possess? The two cases are exactly alike.

* * * * * *

If the judges before whom the corporation lawyers come with **ex-parte** showings for injunctions against States want to have some fun, just let these Judges require said lawyers to attach to their petition a copy of the sworn Tax Returns of their railroads.

Then let the Judge ask said lawyers, "Which time did your clients perjure themselves,—when they swore to these Tax Returns or when they swore to this Confiscatory showing?"

Then the fun would begin.

The reason why the Mail Order Houses can take business away from the local retail merchant is that collusion exists between Mail Order House and Express Company. The Mail Order House gets special rates.

If the Government carried small parcels in the mails, on moderate charges, nobody could get special rates. Therefore, the Mail Order House would have one of the props knocked out from under its business.

Consequently the Express Companies and the Mail Order Houses have confederated to fight the Parcels Post. Afraid to show their hands, however, they are working under the name of the "Merchants Trade Journal." They have hired men and put them on the road, to get signatures to a protest against the Parcels Post. And the argument which causes the retail merchant to sign the petition of protest is this: If the Government establishes a Parcels Post, the Mail Order House will get your business!

And the guileless merchants are signing a paper which, in effect, asks the Government not to interfere with the Combination which now makes the Express Company the partner of the Mail Order House in the profitable business of taking trade away from the retail merchant.

How sharp the conspirators are!

How blind the victims!

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

In view of the fact that "The Independence League," (Copyright by W. R. Hearst. All rights reserved.) is being quietly spread over the entire biscuit-board of national politics, the Labor Day address delivered by Mr. Hearst at the Jamestown Exposition becomes an event of National significance.

As Mr. Bryan opened his Presidential Campaign with a bold, aggressive speech in Madison Square Garden, so Mr. Hearst has begun his systematic march to the White House by a calm, conservative, well-considered proclamation at Jamestown.

After Mr. Bryan's bold, aggressive speech in Madison Square Garden, the Wall Street element of the Democratic Party raised such a yell of protest that he began to "take water." He allowed such hopeless Tories as Senator Daniels of Virginia and Congressman Williams of Mississippi to cause him to weaken his position by putting forth disclaimers, qualifications and compromising disavowals. That Mr. Bryan has lost ground with the radicals, cannot be doubted,—**and the only political element which has grown in grace, as well as in strength, is the radical element.**

Now, it remains to be seen how much Mr. Hearst may have lost with the radicals, by his **play for position,** in the Presidential race. He had clearly gone too far in the opposite direction. His papers have been conducted by the most learned and able of the American Socialists; and Mr. Hearst was almost committed to the Darrow Doctrine, that **crime is not criminal when committed in the interests of Union Labor.**

With one accord the newspapers have

Uncle Sam—Well, I'll Swan! if that isn't that boy "William J. Nebraska" a courtin' again.
Nye in Watson's Weekly.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

bounced Mr. Hearst—the Conservatives jeering at him for becoming Conservative and the Socialists raving at him because of his renunciation of insane methods and theories.

THE JEFFERSONIAN is not committed to anybody in the Presidential race, but it does not hesitate to say that Mr. Hearst has shown a level head in pitching his tent. He now occupies the middle ground of Jeffersonian democracy—as far from class-rule and special privilege, on the one hand, as from Confiscation and a general division, on the other.

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The Central Railroad of Georgia, controlled by a New Jersey corporation and operated, in violation of the State Constitution, as a part of the system of The Southern, seeks to make Governor Hoke Smith a party defendant in its resistance to law. They ask nothing of **Smith, the individual and private citizen:** what they seek to do is to tie his hands **as Governor,** and keep him from **acting for the State.**

Our forms will close before we shall have learned what will be the outcome of this insolent procedure of the corporation lawyers. We make this prediction, however:

If the corporation lawyers and their pliant Federal Judges persist in their determination to perpetuate Wall Street rule in the South, they will wake up some fine morning and discover that there is such a thing as the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and such a thing as **a Governor who is not afraid to maintain the dignity of his State.**

These Federal Judges must be curbed, and **the only immediate way to do it is for the Executive branch of the Government to assert its rights** AND ITS POWERS.

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Because a few fanatical Moors murdered eight foreigners who happened to be Christians, **the two Christian nations, France and Spain, have been murdering Moors ever since.** The Moorish assassins could not at once be taken and put to death for their crime: therefore, the Christians of France and Spain have been engaged in the indiscriminate slaughter of Moors—the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the good and the bad—until thousands of them have littered the ground. Perhaps not one of the original Moorish assassins has been killed; but the streets have run red with the blood of innocent men, women and children, who had nothing

The Modern Bill Skyrs of the South.
—*From Charlotte News.*

whatever to do with the cause of the war, and whose death cannot possibly be a punishment to the original criminals.

And while this ghastly business is going forward in Morrocco, the Peace Congress at the Hague "babbled o' green fields" and dreampt of the Arcadian era of dove-like peace!

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Ireland is again rattling her chains, trying to find a concert of action against England's yoke. While the immediate cause of the Belfast riots was the strike of the labor men, and the inflammatory speech of a Socialist member of Parliament—Mr. Grayson—there is no doubt that the attack on the policemen was due to that Nationalist feeling which burns so fiercely in the breasts of the Irish patriots.

Before the outbreak could be suppressed, there had to be a cavalry charge and a volley of musketry. The rioters were dispersed with considerable bloodshed—"one woman being killed and hundreds more or less wounded." There is bitter denunciation of these "Belfast Murders," and the Government is censured by both sides. The English condemn the authorities for their weakness and vacillation; the Irish curse it for its rigor.

The governing of Ireland by England is an out-of-date system which will come to an end **whenever the Irish learn how to harmonize.** As long as

The French Cruiser Galilee, which Bombarded Casablanca.

Where the Jews Were Massacred in the Ghetto at Cassablanca.

Irish leaders continue to exhaust their strength fighting one another, England will be able to rule the divided house.

* * * * *

The Socialists have been holding an international congress at Stuttgart. As usual, it was a hot thing. It kept the police in a state of nervous tension, and the riot guns were doubtless ready. Just how many different brands of Socialism were put on exhibition to claim the award, it would be hard to say. The number of the different brands almost corresponded with the number of the different delegations. The fierce anger with which eminent Socialist leaders told one another **"You don't understand what Socialism is,"** was exceedingly good sport. We who are not Socialists have grown accustomed to being told that we "don't understand Socialism;" but the chessboard must be badly battered, indeed, when the experts dispute with each other concerning the nature of the game.

* * * * *

Down at Panama, the brethren who are supposed to be digging the trench, call lustily for **$8,000,000 more!** They furnish no statement, no explanations, and no report of progress. All they say is that they want eight million dollars. They say that they need the money. Evidently they do. They will get it, of course. They have already spent, counting everything,—more than $80,000,000; and nobody seems to

know what actual work is being done on the ditch.

The Literary Digest declares that this demand for $8,000,000 more "is greeted as welcome news by everybody. This does not mean that the canal will cost more than was estimated, **it is explained**, but that it is found possible to do $8,000,000 more work this year than has been provided for."

"It is explained"—who furnishes the explanation? Why, the editors who are defending **an enormous demand which exceeds the careful estimates**, and which is **not** based upon any **official report** showing that the work actually done **exceeds that which was estimated.**

The estimate of cost was, of course, made upon a careful estimate of the work; and before Colonel Goethals is allowed to exceed, so greatly, the estimate of cost, he should be required to report on the progress of the work.

* * * * *

Italy furnishes a convincing argument in favor of the position taken in the article on "Orthodox Socialism" in our September number. It was claimed in the editorial referred to that the proper way to remedy the labor troubles of the big cities, where there are more men than jobs, is to **distribute the laborers,** sending relief to those sections where there are more jobs than men.

Now, in Italy, the practical results of this **drawing off of the Labor Surplus** have been demonstrated. Italy was suffering just as Chicago and New York suffer; there were too many workmen **after the same job.** Congestion prevailed in Italy, as it does in our great centres of population. But the Italians began to scatter out. They left Italy by the hundreds of thousands. In 1900, there were 300,000 of them who came to the United States alone. In 1906, we received nearly three times that number. In this way the Italian emigrant gave relief to his fellow countryman who stayed at home. **The supply of labor having been diminished, the demand for it increased, and wages went up.** The official report of the Italian Board of Emigration concludes with the statement.

"It is incontestable that Italian emigration has been a means during the past thirty years **in improving the economic condition of Italy."**

* * * * *

In the Philippine Islands the home-rule feeling among the natives grows more intense, and is asserting itself more boldly. Severe repressive measures are being taken. If a Filipino patriot now "flaunts" a patriotic badge, suggestive of independence for the Philippine Islands, such imprudent patriot must pay a fine ranging from $250 to $2,500, or **suffer imprisonment for five years.** Of course no Filipino patriot will henceforth be so regardless of his own safety as to read our **Declaration of Independence** in public.

What a lasting calamity Mr. Bryan unwittingly inflicted upon his country, when he left camp and went to Washington, to use his personal influence with Senator Clay and others, in behalf of the Treaty by which we got these Philippine Islands!

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England has had centuries of tragedy in holding down **one** island whose people panted for **the God-given right to govern themselves.**

If Ireland, alone, has cost England oceans of money and torrents of blood, what may we not fear as the consequence of trying to hold down **hundreds of Irelands, thousands of miles away?**

* * * * *

An event of world-wide interest took place in the State of Georgia, a few days ago.

An automatic switch invention was given a full, fair trial, and was proven to be a practical success. THE JEFFERSONIAN has known for several years that such an invention existed.

Now let Congress compel the railroads to adopt it; and thus put a stop to the

ATTORNEY GENERAL BONAPARTE.

appalling loss of life caused by 'open switch" wrecks.

There is some reason to doubt the accuracy of the press dispatches which announced that Attorney-General Bonaparte's vacation was over. THE JEFFERSONIAN is not quarrelling with the fact that Mr. Bonaparte's vacation has apparently assumed the proportions of a great national institution. Far from it. We rather rejoice that we have one of the Bonapartes to ornament the national facade, as it were. What THE JEFFERSONIAN is inclined to grumble about is the fact that the vacation seems to be of the ever-bearing sort.

For instance, when is Harriman to be put in jail?

We were given to understand that the first thing Mr. Bonaparte would do after his vacation was over, would be to prosecute Harriman.

Inasmuch as Harriman is still at large, laughing at the Administration, the explanation must be that Mr. Bonaparte's vacation is still in session.

Definite Democracy.
—*Washington Herald.*

"This Anti-Railroad Agitation is Simply Rouining Me!"
—*From The Commoner.*

AN APPRECIATION OF THE WORK OF GORDON NYE.

BY JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

The ranks of Reform in Georgia and the South are ably recruited by Gordon Nye.

His work on Tom Watson's Magazine and on the Hearst papers in New York stamps him as a power. The cartoonist is not only a power now, but he is one of the growing forces of the age. And Gordon Nye thinks great thoughts and preaches great sermons in pictures. The mission is a mighty one, and inspiring to noble and ambitious youth. The cartoonist is not less than the editor, the preacher or the congressman. Gordon Nye is young, vital and pulsed with purpose. And he has "caught on." The world has recognized him, and he must be accorded more. His work speaks for him in great stories for the eye which stir the soul. He is a patriot and a passionate lover of justice and the people. He is a leader in his time. His convictions are as sincere and unbreakable as those of the statesman.

Nast was better known and more potential than the editor of Harper's Weekly. Opper's cartoons did more to defeat Mark Hanna and McKinley than the editorials of Hearst. And Gordon Nye is following fast in the footsteps of them both.

Gordon Nye—A Cartoonist in Dead Earnest.

By J. George Frederick.

DO you know what a cartoon is?

A cartoon is a thought made into something that you can *see with your eyes.*

Do you know what a cartoonist is?

A cartoonist is a man big enough to see a big thought with his mind, and clever enough to draw it into a picture so that other people can see it with their eyes the minute they look at it, *and think.*

Do you know what a cartoonist can do?

A cartoonist can make people see in a second, by means of ten drops of ink, a sheet of paper, a pen and *himself,*—an argument which ten hundred editors and orators and essayists couldn't make clear in ten hundred days.

How does he do this wonderful thing? By making a thought over into something which even the primeval cave man understood—*a picture.* Before there was writing there were pictures. When Simon Kenton tried to tell some strange Indians that he wanted to make a peace treaty, he couldn't do it until he drew a picture of a circle of Indians and a white man smoking one pipe.

A real cartoonist is a rare man. He takes rank with the most influential teachers of the world. Gordon Nye, the subject of this sketch, is a real cartoonist. His life is another powerful example of the potency of will. If there is one thing above all else which stands out in the life of this skillful young cartoonist, it is the supreme power of the human will to surmount obstacles. There was nothing in his surroundings, his education or his parental inheritance which even suggested cartoon work or drawing. Half a dozen years ago Mr. Nye was running a lathe in a machine shop. A dozen years ago he was on a farm, painting fences for a living. Today he is illustrating the nationally-famed editorials of a strong man of the people, and is able to picture to the minds of thousands of readers, arguments which influence their votes and personal ideas. What did it? *Will*—uncompromising, aggressive *will.*

Against the success of this young man was arrayed every force which stern old nature uses to test the mettle of her sons—poverty, physical weakness, continual discouragement, lack of education and ordinary advantages. A single one of these handicaps is effective in thousands of cases in preventing success. But a nugget of the real stuff was in Gordon Nye, and though he had chosen a field where the greatest of technical skill is required, and where all kinds of knowledge is essential, *he has won.*

The struggle for daily bread developed his wits, made him come to his manhood's estate and think deeply for himself, but his struggle was so bitter and long that he became impassioned with a desire to make conditions more fair for his fellow men. He had always liked drawing and had been influenced by cartoons, and he *willed* to become a powerful cartoonist.

And once having truly *willed,* what were the resulting years of struggle and labor to support himself and get a technical education? Nothing more than were the months and years of railsplitting to Lincoln; the plowing and tax collecting to Burns; the farm to Horace Greeley, Webster and others—they were light tasks compared to the joy of advancement and accomplishment. When strikes interfered with his work he traveled, and when he could get no work he became for a time a common tramp—but always he was burning midnight and morning oil drawing cartoon after cartoon, putting idea after idea onto paper. He went to the best Philadelphia art school in the evening and on odd days, and worked at various odd jobs for the Philadelphia newspapers.

His entrance into real cartooning was made in New York, where he drew cartoons for "Physical Culture." Then he presented cartoons to the National Democratic Committee, his political ideas having been awakened, and his understanding of the great national drama of politics and economics having become clearer.

As the Parker presidential campaign was about to open, and the sample cartoons happened to please Belmont, Taggart and the other committeemen, young Nye was engaged for the campaign. Up to this time he had felt that the Democratic party was the people's champion, and that it was sincere in its repudiation of trust influence and corruption.

But when, in the intensity of his feeling against the people's enemy, the arbitrary monarchs of Wall street and the death-clinch monopolies, he drew cartoons which pictured the situation so terribly vivid that they touched the reader's primitive emotions—then the Democratic managers threw up their hands and declared them "seditious." The cartoons were so realistically simple and pointedly true that they were uncomfortable to the well-fed and well-buttered managers of the Parker campaign, themselves plutocrats of unenviable reputation. So, much of Cartoonist Nye's most ambitious work was vetoed, and were not printed.

The real work of Mr. Nye can be said to date since his connection with *Watson's Magazine*. Here he felt that he could voice his strongest convictions and that the ideals of the magazine matched his own in earnestness and sincerity. He knew that it had but one ideal—to secure a true Democracy—a fair and equal opportunity for every man in these wide United States; and that it would fight hand in hand with his cartoons for every wrong which oppressed the weak and threatened the noble institutions which are the bulwark of our freedom. Mr. Nye's cartoons form an able second to the powerful editorials of Mr. Watson, and visualize with a few deft strokes the issues, situations and characterizations upon which Mr. Watson speaks.

In this atmosphere Mr. Nye has grown mentally and technically, and his cartoons are reproduced by other periodicals repeatedly, and make strong impressions. Owing, perhaps, to Mr. Nye's grim and laborious struggle in his early years, his work shows a tragic seriousness which may ripen by the addition of the lambent touch of humor as he grows older, and considerably add to his equipment. At present he is one of the few cartoonists who view their work with real seriousness, and use it to the full extent of its possibilities. The cartoon becomes most active in political campaigns, warm with factional feeling, usually; and in times of political peace subsides into inanity. Not so with Mr. Nye's cartoons and Mr. Watson's editorials, both of which are sentinels and scouts for public service in season and out of season. Mr. Nye is no campaign demagogue in his political work—he is a citizen who sleeps on his gun and carries it on his plow, like the Puritan fathers and the pioneers before us; and Mr. Nye's pen is truly mightier than any sword in a battle for dearer things than ever battle was fought—equality of opportunity and the perfection of freedom.

It was inevitable that a man of Mr. Nye's strong feeling against monopoly and for equality and true Democracy should be strongly influenced by socialism; and the story of his association with its doctrines forms an interesting chapter in his life.

While in New York he made use of Cooper Institute to get more education than he had been able to secure, and by a natural inclination took great interest in the debating class. There were many young socialists there who put up very vigorous argumentative fights, which Mr. Nye was often called upon to refute. Though the promises and theories of socialism seemed for some time to meet Mr. Nye's high economic ideals, it is a tribute to his sound balance that he was able to comprehend the dividing line between the practical and the Utopian, the real and the visionary, and sift the chaff from the wheat in socialistic faith. He saw down deep to the fundamental truth that before an ideally socialistic state is possible, a more uniformly ideal individual citizenship is absolutely necessary; and he knew from his close association with all kinds of people that the human heart needs much purification

before the complete socialistic state is possible. He resolved to throw the weight of his gifts toward awakening individual civic responsibility and in securing reforms and advancements which would make us a little more ready for the Socialistic millenium.

Mr. Nye has a high sense of patriotism, and would have every young man in the country bestir himself toward ennobling political ideals, upon which he firmly believes our national future depends. To show his personal interest he has organized a debating society in Atlanta, to which forum he is bidding Atlanta's young men come and interest themselves in their city's, their commonwealth's, their nation's vital problems. He would have us as interested in ennobling oratory as in the time of Pericles and Cicero, and in putting our noblest endeavor and thought upon our franchise of citizenship.

As an inspiration to other young men, Cartoonist Nye's life is full of suggestion. He is indefatiguably industrious, and his exemplary personal habits prove strongly the folly of hoping to succeed while indulging in intoxicants and living loosely.

Young Gordon Nye is a strong American figure, who has found his life work and is working at it, to the lasting benefit of humanity. He has all the strong years of his manhood before him, and in some future crisis he may prove to be the David to slay a corrupting Goliath, as Tweed was slain politically by Cartoonist Nast. The nation is the safer against her enemies, with young men of ability armed for her defence with ability and high ideals, as Gordon Nye is armed.

Should Mr. Roosevelt Have Another Term?
—*Nye, in Watson's Weekly.*

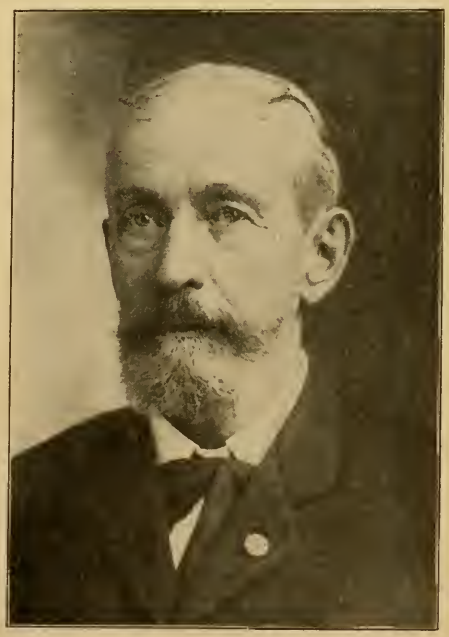
FRATERNAL SOCIETIES IN AMERICA.

BY BERNARD SUTTLER, DEPUTY GRAND REGENT OF ROYAL ARCANUM IN GEORGIA.

There is today possibly no more potent social and economic force at work in our country than the fraternal societies. For nineteen centuries the Christian Church has been preaching the brotherhood of man and practicing the broadest charity, but with all its lofty morality and humane teachings its main work has been along the line of teaching man to so live as to befit himself for a better life hereafter, and its relief of man's material needs has been merely incidental and confined to the more desperate cases.

As men grew in knowledge and humanity, as the doctrine of the brotherhood of man took hold upon the minds and hearts of men, as the power of co-operative effort became more fully understood, the seeds of truth which the Church had been so long planting and cultivating, which great societies like the Masons and Odd Fellows adopted as their own and added their abundant labors, began to grow rapidly and bore perfect fruit, and in that fruit we have the modern fraternal society, which is the concrete form of the Christian teaching of the brotherhood of man; which is the crystalliza-

ALFRED T. TURNER
Supreme Secretary Royal Arcanum.



MAJ. C. W. HAWES
Head Clerk Modern Woodmen of America.

tion into good works of the beautiful theories so long expounded by faithful ministers; which is business and charity joined into working partnership, and which is the high-water mark of our civilization up to date.

All men know something of them. Few men know the mighty work they have done. Let us consider it briefly. In 1868, not quite forty years ago, Father Upchurch laid the foundation of the United Workmen at Meadville, Pa. It was crude, with no capitalistic backing, with no opportunities for money making, but the old man loved humanity and wanted to help it. Since that day the society which he founded has paid out 175 millions of dollars to the beneficiaries of deceased members. This is a tremendous fact in itself, but it is only a small part of the story.

Other societies came into being, and while some failed to gain a foothold others succeeded beyond expectation, and today some 180 societies are at work in the United States, representing a membership of eight millions of men and women protecting their families with seven thousand millions of dollars of insurance, and paying out annually fully seventy millions of dollars to the families of deceased members. The aggregate payments for these forty years totals the huge sum of thirteen hundred millions of dollars. The work is so stupendous, the results in one generation so gratifying and so far beyond any human expectation, what may we not expect in the future?

This is merely the material side of the subject. When we come to consider the broad spirit of fraternity engendered, the improved quality of citizenship made possible, the widows

HOME OFFICE MODERN MACCABEES, PORT HURON, MICH.

JOHN THOMAS YATES
Sovereign Clerk Woodmen of the World—Major General of the Uniform Rank, W. O. W.

and orphans saved from want and the general moral uplift in which these societies are such a power, we begin dimly to see that in the form of these unpretentious societies we have been entertaining angels unaware.

Many people do not understand them, some people deride them, insurance companies fight them fiercely, some people laugh at them, but they go serenely on from year to year, ever widening their borders, ever enlarging their field of usefulness.

In Great Britain they have ten million members, or nearly one-fourth the population. In New South Wales, the Premier has lately asked Parliament to enact special legislation to help them along, as they are proving such a beneficent force in the State.

However good a friend one may be to these great and good societies, one cannot but be amused at times at the high-sounding titles and curious names adopted. Thus the giant society, the Modern Woodmen of America, with its 850,000 members with a record of sixty million dollars disbursed, has probably a very small per centum of real woodmen in membership. Then comes the Woodmen of the World with 400,000 members and a record of thirty millions paid out, and not many real woodmen you may be certain; but not satisfied with these Woodmen we find the Women of Woodcraft, the Columbian Woodmen, the Woodman Circle.

Then we find the Maccabees, a whole family of them, the Knights of the Maccabees, the Modern Maccabees, the Ladies of the Maccabees, and these total up 500,000 members and a disbursement of over forty millions of dollars, but we may be reasonably sure that they are Maccabees by courtesy only.

Then we find the Royal Arcanum, with nearly 250,000 and a disbursement of more than 110 millions of dollars. These Royal Arcanians may be royal good people, but their royal secret is perhaps not such a tremendous secret after all. Then we find the tribe of Ben Hur, and the Prudent Patricians of Pompeii, and

SOV. COM. JOSEPH CULLEN ROOT
Woodmen of the World—General in Command of the Entire Uniform Rank, W. O. W.

the Home Guards of America, and the Fraternal Mystic Circle, and the Modern Samaritans, and the Modern Prætorians, and the Order of the Amaranth, and the Royal Achates, and the Famobrosis Society, and the Beavers, and the Foresters, some serious, some poetic, some historic, all sorts of titles, but whatever the title all doing good and serious work.

When we see John Brown, whom in every day prosaic life we know as our barber, or grocer, or butcher, or lawyer, prancing around in his regalia as the Most Puissant Potentate of the Select Nobles of America, it may strike our funny bones, but when we come to investigate and find that the aforesaid Select Nobles are carrying relief and comfort into thousands of homes where the breadwinners have been cut down, we are compelled to admit that John Brown is paying his footing as a good citizen by humane and invaluable service, and is entitled to stick on all the titles and all the regalia his constitution will permit him to carry.

N. S. BOYNTON,
Great Commander Modern Maccabees.

A. R. TALBOT
Head Consul Modern Woodmen of America.

These societies are jealous of their honor and integrity. Their work is carried on with rigid fidelity and economy. As an illustration of this I have before me a table of the disbursement in a late year of 25 leading old line insurance companies and 25 leading fraternal societies. In that year the 25 old line companies disbursed to policy holders a total of nearly 133 millions at an expense of nearly 77 millions of dollars. The 25 fraternal societies disbursed to beneficiaries of deceased members 50 millions of dollars at an expense of four and one-half millions. The ratio of expense in the old line companies was over six times as great as in the fraternal societies, 58 per cent against 9 per cent.

Their fidelity in monetary matters is, however, but a small part of their work. They are teachers of pure

democracy. On the floors of the councils, lodges, camps, castles, groves or whatever they may be called, all members meet on an equal footing. The banker and the barber sit cheek by jowl; the manufacturer colleagues with the little retailer who in a small way handles his goods; the eminent politician or statesman finds in his next neighbor, an humble citizen who works in overalls, but who has a fine discrimination in matters of state. Lifelong friendships are formed between men of most diverse interests and stations in life. Thus by contact, which could never be so intimate elsewhere, men learn to respect each other *as men,* to recognize the force of human brotherhood, the extent of human sympathy and the beauty of a democracy of merit.

Another feature of vast potentialities is the educational side. Men come into these societies crude, ill-informed, scantily educated. Their ambition is fired to go through the chairs, they study, they attend, and in a few brief years we find the raw material worked over into men who can think on or off their feet, who are familiar with parliamentary rules, and who if called upon a public occasion can deliver creditable addresses.

All the societies inculcate good citizenship and sound morality. I do not know of one that will admit a saloon keeper, or professional gambler to membership. I do not know of one that would permit a member to retain his membership who might become a common drunkard or otherwise disreputable, and the lodges when in session are models of busines-like order and parliamentary decorum.

In a most practical way they incite to thrift. A mere lad becomes a member and puts one thousand dollars on his life for the benefit of his hard working father or aged mother. His payment is very small, possibly 50 cents, or mayhap one dollar per month, but it must be paid with regularity, and thus he learns the value and necessity of regularity in saving.

To meet the needs of this splendid system of business philanthropy which has grown up in our midst there has risen up a corps of men equal in integrity and business capacity to any class in any country, but who, inspired by the fraternal feeling are willing to give their splendid abilities and great energy to their brethren for moderate compensation. Some of them have passed from labor to reward, leaving to their families the great heritage of an unspotted fame and useful lives.

Of these, Dr. Oronhyatekha, the noble Mohawk Indian of Canada, who for twenty years guided the destinies and built up the great order of Foresters, only lately fell on sleep within our own State of Georgia, whither he had come seeking health.

W. O. Robson, for 28 years Supreme

A. M. SLAY,
Great Record Keeper Modern Maccabees.

Secretary of the Royal Arcanum, some two years since passed to a well-earned reward after a life of unselfish devotion to his fellow-man, and was succeeded by Alfred T. Turner, who bids fair to be in all ways a worthy successor.

Among the veterans we find M. W. Sackett, Supreme Recorder of the United Workmen, who has stood for a generation at his post and is the dean of the corps. In the west we find another veteran, Major N. S. Boynton, Great Commander of the Modern Maccabees and original founder of the Maccabees. Near neighbors to Major Boynton we find D. P. Markey, Supreme Commander, and L. E. Sisler, Supreme Record Keeper of the Knights of the Maccabees of the World, men of first rate abilities and most forceful personalities. Going still west we find at Omaha Joseph C. Root, Sovereign Commander, and John T. Yates, Sovereign Clerk of the Woodmen of the World. A better team was never hitched together than this pair. Root is the original founder of the Woodmen, has given 25 years to the work and is one of the ablest men in the work anywhere.

In the same state we find A. R. Talbot, Head Consul of that giant Society, the Modern Woodmen, while at Rock Island, Ill., is domiciled Major C. W. Hawes, who for seventeen years has held the position of Head Clerk. He is a civil war veteran, has held many public employments, but considers his present service the crowning work of a laborious and useful life. Talbot's face reminds one of President McKinley, though Talbot is rather sterner looking.

Among the younger men, A. M. Slay, Supreme Record Keeper of the Modern Maccabees, has a great future, if there is anything in physiognomy. Afred T. Turner, Supreme Secretary of the Royal Arcanum, though less than two years in office, is now in middle life and long identified with

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the Arcanum, of which he was Auditor prior to the decease of W. O. Robson.

Robert Van Sands, present Supreme Regent of the Royal Arcanum, is a Chicago lawyer in large practice and gives two years of his valuable time to the promotion of the interests of the great order of which he is now the official head. All over the country men prominent in the various walks of life give their time and talents ungrudgingly to pushing on the great work.

Politics have never gained a foothold in any of the societies, and men of most diverse political views work shoulder to shoulder in alleviating the woes of humanity and aiding in the struggle for better standards.

Many of the societies now have handsome and well-appointed homes of their own, and having passed through the experimental stage are now prepared for a much greater usefulness in the years to come.

The able men who have been so briefly mentioned here are merely representative of a regiment of leaders and managers, possibly five hundred strong.

These men are the equals in integrity and ability of any insurance officials in the world, and yet where the insurance officials draw princely salaries of ten to one hundred thousand dollars per year, these fraternal order men do their great work on salaries ranging from two thousand to seven thousand five hundred dollars per year. Possibly one or two may get ten thousand per year, though I am not sure of this, and such a salary is regarded as something phenomenal in the fraternal world.

The orthodox churchman may be pained at the raw methods of the Salvation Army, but nevertheless the Army is a success and doing a tremendous and much needed work.

So, the old line insurance man, or the citizen who does not believe in fraternalism may sneer at the Fraternal Societies, but the tremendous fact is that in 39 years they have reached into and relieved distress in more than one million homes; they have improved the quality of our citizenship; from the small monthly payments gathered from their millions of members they have disbursed 1,300 millions of dollars at phenomenally low cost, and to all this they have added what money cannot buy,—unstinted sympathy and brotherly counsel.

From a study of these societies extending over 30 years, combined with membership in several of them, I am prepared to say that they stand for sound morality, thrift, business integrity, economy in operation, democratic thought, fraternal feeling, the acquiring and diffusing a wider intelligence,—in fine for those things which go to make up the very best quality of citizenship. They represent business philanthropy of the very best and most useful character.

The Fraternal Society is applied religion; it is religion applied to the material side of a work-a-day world. Can there be a better work?

ANN BOYD

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE sun had just risen the next morning, and its long, red streamers were kindling iridescent fires in the jewels of dew on the dying grass of the fields. White mists, like tenderly caressing clouds, hung along the rocky sides of the mountains. Ann Boyd, her eyes heavy from unwonted loss of sleep, was at the barn feeding her horses when she saw Virginia coming across the meadows. "She wants her shawl, poor thing!" Ann mused. "I'll go get it."

She went back into the house and brought it out just as the beautiful girl reached the barn-yard fence and stood there wordless, timid, and staring.

"You see, I kept my word," the elder woman said, with an effort at a smile. "Here is your shawl."

Virginia reached out for it. She said nothing, simply folding the shawl on her arm and staring into Ann's eyes with a woe-begone expression. She had lost her usual color, and there were black rings round her wonderful eyes that gave them more depth and seeming mystery than ever.

"I hope your mother wasn't awake last night when you got back," Ann said.

"No, she wasn't—she was sound asleep," Virginia said, without change of expression. It was as if, in her utter depression, she had lost all individuality.

"Then she don't know," Ann put in.

"No, she don't suspect, Mrs. Boyd. If she did, she'd die, and so would I."

"Well, I don't see as she is likely to know—*ever,* as long as she lives," Ann said, in a crude attempt at comfort-giving.

"I fancied you'd *want* her to know," said the girl, looking at Ann frankly. "After I thought it over, I came to the conclusion that maybe you did it all so you could tell her. I see no other reason for—for you being so—so good to—to me."

"Well, I don't know as I've been good to anybody." Ann's color was rising in spite of her cold exterior. "But we won't talk about that. Though I'll tell you one thing, child, and that is that I'll never tell this to a living soul. Nobody but you and me an' that trifling scamp will ever know it. Now, will *that* do you any good? It's the same, you see, as if it had never really taken place."

"But it *did* take place!" Virginia said, despondently.

"Oh yes, but you don't know when you are in luck," Ann said, grimly. "In things like that a miss is as good as a mile. Study my life awhile, and you'll fall down on your knees and thank God for His mercy. Huh, child, don't be silly! I know when a young and good-looking girl that has gone a step too far is fortunate. Look here—changing the subject—I saw your mammy standing in the

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back door just now. Does she know you left the house?"

"Yes, I came to look for the cow," said Virginia.

"Then she don't suspicion where you are at," said Ann. "Now, you see, she may have noticed that you walked off without a shawl, and you'd better not wear one home. Leave it with me and come over for it some time in the day when she won't miss you."

"I think I'd better take it back," Virginia replied. "She wears it herself sometimes and might miss it."

"Oh, I see!" Ann's brows ran together reflectively. "Well, I'll tell you. Tote it under your arm till you get near the house, and then drop it somewhere in the weeds or behind the ash-hopper, and go out and get it when she ain't looking."

"I'll do that, then," the girl said, wearily. "I was thinking, Mrs. Boyd, that not once last night did I remember to thank you for—"

"Oh, don't thank *me*, child!" Had Ann been a close observer of her own idiosyncrasies, her unwary softness of tone and gentleness to a daughter of her sworn enemy would have surprised her. "Don't thank me," she repeated. "Thank God for letting you escape the lot of others just as young and unsuspecting as you ever were. I don't deserve credit for what I done last night. In fact, between you and me, I tried my level best not to interfere. Why I finally gave in I don't know, but I done it, and that's all there is to it. I done it. I got started and couldn't stop. But I want to talk to you. Come in the house a minute. It won't take long. Jane—your mother—will think the cow has strayed off, but there stands the cow in the edge of the swamp. Come on."

Dumbly, Virginia followed into the house and sank into a chair, holding her shapely hands in her lap, her wealth of golden-brown hair massed on her head and exquisite neck. Ann shambled in her untied, dew-wet shoes to the fireplace and poured out a cup of coffee from a tin pot on the coals.

"Drink this," she said. "If what I hear is true, you don't get any too much to eat and drink over your way."

Virginia took it and sipped it daintily, but with evident relish.

"I see you take to that," Ann said, unconscious of the genuine, motherly delight she was betraying. "Here, child, I'll tell you what I want you to do. These spiced sausages of mine, dry as powder in the corn-shuck, are the best and sweetest flavored that ever you stuck a tooth in. They fry in their own grease almost as soon as they hit a hot pan when they are sliced thin."

"Oh no, I thank you," Virginia protested; "I really couldn't."

"But I know you *can*," Ann insisted, as she cut down from a rafter overhead one of the sausages and deftly sliced it in a pan already hot on the coals. "You needn't tell me you ain't hungry. I can see it in your face. Besides, do you know it's a strange fact that a woman will eat just the same in trouble as out, while a man's appetite is gone the minute he's worried?"

The girl made no further protest, and Ann soon brought some hot slices of the aromatic food, with nicely browned toast, and placed them in a plate in her lap. "How funny all this seems!" Ann ran on. "Here I am feeding you up and feeling sorry for you when only last night I—well, I've got to talk to you, and I'm going to get it over with. I'll have to speak of the part of my life that has been the cud for every idle woman in these mountains to chaw on for many, many years, but I'm going to do it, so you will know better what you escaped last night; but, first of all, I want to ask you

a straight question, and I don't mean no harm nor to be meddling where I have no business. I want to know if you love this Langdon Chester as—well, as you've always fancied you'd love the man you became a wife to."

There was a moment's hesitation on the part of the girl. Her cheeks took on color; she broke a bit of the sausage with her fork, but did not raise it to her lips.

"I'm asking you a simple, plain question," Ann reminded her.

"No, I don't," Virginia answered, haltingly;—"that is, not now, not—"

"Ah, I see!" the old woman cried. "The feeling died just as soon as you saw straight down into his real nature, just as soon as you saw that he'd treat you like a slave, that he'd abuse you, beat you, lock you up, if necessary—in fact, do anything a brute would do to gain his aims."

"I'm afraid, now, that I never really loved him," Virginia said, a catch in her voice.

"Humph!" Ann ejaculated. "I see. Then you went all the way over that lonely road to his house with just one thought in your mind, and that was to get that money for your mother."

"As God is my judge, Mrs. Boyd, that's all I went for," Virginia said, her earnest eyes staring steadily at her companion.

"Well, I'm glad it was that way," Ann mused. "There was a time when I thought you were a silly girl whose head could easily be turned, but I've been hearing fine things about you, and I see you are made of good, solid, womanly stuff. Now, I want to tell you the whole truth, and then, if you want to consider me a friend and a well-wisher, all right. I'm no better-hearted than the average mortal woman. The truth is, Virginia Hemingway, I hate your mother as much as one human being can hate another this side of the bad place. She's been a thorn in my side the biggest part of my life. Away back when I was about your age, I got into just such a tight as you was in last night. For a long time afterwards I was nearly crazy, but when the prime cause of my trouble went off and married I begun to try to live again. I fell in love with a real good-natured, honest man. I wanted him to know the truth, but I never knew how to tell him, and so I kept holding off. He was a great beau among the girls of that day, making love to all of them, your mother among the rest. Finally, I give in. I couldn't resist his begging, my friends advised it, and me and him was married. That was the beginning of your mammy's enmity. It kept up, and when the truth about me finally leaked out she saw to it that my husband would not overlook the past—she saw to it that I was despised, kicked, and sneered at by the community—and my husband left with my only child. I sent up a daily prayer to be furnished with the means for revenge, but it didn't do any good, and then I got to begging the devil for what the Lord had refused. That seemed to work better, for one day a hint came to me that Langdon Chester was on your trail. That gave me the first glimpse of hope of solid revenge I'd had. I kept my eyes and ears open day and night. I saw your doom coming—I lived over what I'd been through, and the thought that you were to go through it was as sweet to me as honey in the comb. Finally the climax arrived. I saw you on the way to his house last night, and understood what it meant. I was squatting down behind a fence at the side of the road. I saw you pass, and followed you clean to the gate, and then turned back, at every step exulting over my triumph. The very sky overhead was ablaze with the fire of your fall to my level. But at my gate I was halted suddenly. Virginia—to go back a bit—there is a certain

young man in this world that I reckon is the only human being that I love. I love him, I reckon, because he always seemed to love me, and believe me better than I am, and, more than that, he was the only person that ever pointed out a higher life to me. He was the poor boy that I educated, and who went off and done well, and has just come back to this country."

"Luke King!" Virginia exclaimed, softly, and then she impulsively placed her hand on her lips and sat staring at the speaker, almost breathlessly alert.

"Yes, Luke King," said Ann, with feeling. "Strange to say, he has always said the day would come when I'd rise above hatred and revenge; he has learned some queer things in the West. Well, last night when I met him he said he'd come up to see his mother, who he heard was a little sick, but he finally admitted that her sickness wasn't all that fetched him. He said he was worried. He was more downhearted than I ever saw him before. Virginia Hemingway, he said he was worried about *you.*"

"About *me?*" Oh no," Virginia gasped.

"Yes, about you," Ann went on. "The poor fellow sat down on the doorstep and laid bare his whole young heart to me. He'd loved you, he said, ever since you was a little girl. He'd taken your sweet face off with him on that long stay, and it had been with him constantly. It was on your account he yielded to the temptation to locate in Georgia again, and when he come back and saw you a full-grown woman he told me he felt that you and he were intended for one another. He said he knew your beautiful character. He said he'd been afraid to mention it to you, seeing you didn't feel the same way, and he thought it would be wiser to let it rest awhile; but then he learned that Langdon Chester was going with you, and he got worried. He was afraid that Langdon wouldn't tote fair with you. I may as well tell you the truth, Virginia. I never was so mad in all my life, for there I was right at that minute gloating over your ruin. I was feeling that way while he was telling me, with tears in his eyes and voice, that if—if harm came to a hair of your bonny head he'd kill Langdon Chester in cold blood, and go to the gallows with a smile on his lips. He didn't know anything wrong, he was just afraid—that was all, just afraid—and he begged me—just think of it, *me,* who was right then hot with joy over your plight—he begged me to see you some day soon and try to get you to care for him. I was so mad I couldn't speak, and he went off, his last word being that he knew I wouldn't fail him."

"Oh, Mrs. Boyd, I can't stand this!" Virginia bowed her head and began to sob. "He was always a good friend, but I never dreamed that he cared for me that way, and now he thinks that I—thinks that I—oh!"

"Well," Ann went on, disregarding the interruption, "I was left to tussle with the biggest situation of my life. I tried to fight it. I laid down to sleep, but rolled and tossed, unable to close my eyes, till at last, as God is my judge, something inside of me—a big and swelling something I'd never felt before—picked me up and made me go to that house. You know the rest. Instead of standing by in triumph and seeing the child of my enemy swept away by my fate, I was praying God to save her. I don't know what to make of my conduct, even now. Last night, when I come back to my house, I seemed all afire with feelings like none I ever had. As the Lord is my holy guide, I felt like I wished I'd comforted you more—wished I'd taken you in my poor old arms there in the moonlight and held you to my breast, like

I wish somebody had done me away back there before that dark chasm opened in front of me. I'm talking to you now as I never dreamt I could talk to a female, much less a daughter of Jane Hemingway; but I can't help it. You are Luke's chosen sweetheart, and to cast a slur on you for what took place last night would be to blight my own eternal chances of salvation; for, God bless your gentle little soul, you went there blinded by your mother's suffering, an excuse I couldn't make. No, there's just one thing about it. Luke is right. You are a good, noble girl, and you've had your cross to bear, and I want to see you get what I missed—a long, happy life of love and usefulness in this world. You will get it with Luke, for he is the grandest character I ever knew or heard about. I don't know but what right now it is his influence that's making me whirl about this odd way. I don't know what to make of it. As much as I hate your mother, I almost feel like I could let her stand and abuse me to my face and not talk back. Now, dry your eyes and finish that sausage. I reckon I hain't the virago and spitfire you've been taught to think I am. Most of us are better on the inside than out. Stop—stop now!—crying won't do any good."

"I can't help it," Virginia sobbed. "You are so good to me, and to think that it was from my mother that you got all your abuse."

"Well, never mind about that," Ann said, laying her hand almost with shamefaced stealth on the girl's head and looking towards the swamp through the open door. "I see your cow is heading for home on her own accord. Follow her. This is our secret; nobody need know but us two. Your mammy would have you put in a house of detention if she knew it. Slip over and see me again when her back is turned. Lord, Lord, I wonder why I never thought about pitying you all along, instead of actually hating you for no fault of yours!"

Virginia rose, put the plate on the table, and, with her face full of emotion, she impulsively put her arms around Ann's neck.

"You are the best woman on earth," she said, huskily, "and I love you—I can't help it. I love you."

"Oh, I reckon you don't do *that,*" Ann said, coloring to the roots of her heavy hair. "That wouldn't be possible."

"But I *do,* I tell you, I *do,*" Virginia said again, "and I'll never do an unwomanly thing again in my life. But I don't want to meet Luke King again. I couldn't after what has happened."

"Oh, you let that take care of itself," Ann said, accompanying Virginia to the door.

She stood there, her red hands folded under her apron, and watched the girl move slowly across the meadow after the plodding cow.

"What a pretty trick!" Ann mused. "And to think she'd actually put her arms round my old neck and hug me, and say she—oh, that was odd, very, very odd! I don't seem to be my own boss any longer."

An hour later, as she stood in her front porch cutting the dying vines from the strings which held them upward, she saw Mrs. Waycroft hastening along the road towards her. "There, I clean forgot that woman," Ann said, her brow wrinkled. "She's plumb full of what she heard that scamp saying to Virginia at the graveyard. I'll have to switch her off the track some way, the Lord only knows how, but off she goes, if I have to lie to my best friend till I'm black in the face."

"I've been wanting to get over all morning," the visitor said, as she opened the gate and hurried in. "I had my breakfast two hours ago, but Sally Hinds and her two children

dropped in and detained me. They pretended they wanted to talk about the next preaching, but it was really to get something to eat. The littlest one actually sopped the gravy from the frying-pan with a piece of bread-crust. I wanted to slip out last night and come over here to watch the road to see if Virginia Hemingway kept her promise, but just about that hour Jim Dilk—he lives in my yard, you know—he had a spasm, and we all thought he was going to die."

"Well, I reckon," Ann said, carelessly, as she pulled at a rotten piece of twine supporting a dead vine, and broke it from its nail under the eaves of the porch—"I reckon you'd 'a' had your trip for nothing, and maybe feel as sneaking about it as I confess I do."

"Sneaking?" echoed Mrs. Waycroft.

"Yes, the truth is, I was mean enough, Mary, to hold watch on the road in that chill night air, and got nothing but a twitch of rheumatism in my leg as a reward. The truth is, Virginia Hemingway is all right. She wanted that money bad enough, but it was just on old Jane's account, and she wasn't going to be led into sech a trap as that. I reckon Langdon Chester was doing most of the talking when you saw them together. She may be flirting a little with him, as most any natural young girl would, but, just between me 'n' you —now, see that this goes no further, Mary—there is a big, big case up between Virginia and Luke King."

"You *don't say!* How did you drop onto that?" gasped Mrs. Waycroft.

"Well, I don't feel at liberty exactly to tell how I got onto it," Ann said, pulling at another piece of twine; "but it will get out before long. Luke has been in love with her ever since she wore short dresses."

"Huh, that *is* a surprise!" said Mrs. Waycroft. "Well, she is fortunate, Ann. He's a fine young man."

Chapter XXIV.

Towards sunset that afternoon, as Ann was returning from her cotton-house, she came upon Virginia in a thicket on the roadside picking up pieces of fallen tree branches for firewood. Ann had approached from the rear, and Virginia was unaware of her nearness. To the old woman's surprise, the girl's eyes were red from weeping, and there was a droop of utter despondency on her as she moved about, her apron full of sticks, her glance on the ground. Ann hesitated for a minute, and then stepped across the stunted grass and touched her on the arm.

"What's the matter *now*, child?" she asked.

The girl turned suddenly and flushed to the roots of her hair, but she made no response.

"What's gone wrong?" Ann pursued, anxiously. "Don't tell me your mother has found out about—"

"Oh, no, it's not that," Virginia said, wiping her eyes with her disengaged hand. "It's not that. I'm just miserable, Mrs. Boyd, that all—thoroughly miserable. You mustn't think I'm like this all the time, for I'm not. I've been cheerful at home all day—as cheerful as I could be under the circumstances; but, being alone out here for the first time, I got to thinking about my mother, and the sadness of it all was too much for me."

"She hain't worse, is she?" Ann asked.

"Not that anybody could see, Mrs. Boyd," the girl replied; "but the cancer must be worse. Two doctors from Springtown, who were riding by, stopped to ask for a drink of water, and my uncle told them about mother's trouble. It looked like they just wanted to see it out of professional curiosity, for when they heard

we had no money and were deeply in debt they didn't offer any advice. But they looked very much surprised when they made an examination, and it was plain that they didn't think she had much chance. My mother was watching their faces, and knew what they thought, and when they had gone away she fairly collapsed. I never heard such pitiful moaning in all my life. She is more afraid of death than any one I ever saw, and she just threw herself on her bed and prayed for mercy. Oh, it was awful! Then my uncle came in and said the doctors had said the specialist in Atlanta could really cure her, if she had the means to get the treatment, and that made her more desperate. From praying she turned almost to cursing in despair. My uncle is usually indifferent about most matters, but the whole thing almost made him sick. He went out to the side of the house to keep from hearing her cries. Some of his friends came along the road and joked with him, but he never spoke to them. He told me there was a young doctor at Darley who was willing to operate on her, but that he would be doing it only as an experiment, and that nobody but the Atlanta specialist would be safe in such a case."

"And the cost, if I understood right," said Ann—"the cost, first and last, would foot up to about a hundred dollars."

"Yes, that's what it would take," Virginia sighed.

Ann's brow was furrowed; her eyes flashed reminiscently. "She ought to have been laying by something all along," she said, "instead of making it her life business to harass and pull down a person that never did her no harm."

"Don't say anything against her!" Virginia flared up. "If you do, I shall be sorry I said what I did this morning. You have been kind to me, but not to her, and she is my mother, who is now lying at the point of death begging for help that never will come."

Ann stared steadily, and then her lashes began to flicker. "I don't know but I think more of you for giving me that whack, my girl," she said, simply. "I deserve it. I've got no right on earth to abuse a mother to her only child, much less a mother in the fix yours is in. No, I went too far, my child. You are not in the fight between me and her."

"You ought to be ashamed to be in it, when she's down," said Virginia, warmly.

"Well, I *am*," Ann admitted. "I *am*. Come on to my gate with me. I want to talk to you. There is a lot of loose wood lying about up there, and you are welcome to all you pick up; so you won't be losing time."

With her apron drawn close up under her shapely chin, her eyes still red and her cheeks damp, Virginia obeyed. If she had been watching her companion closely, she might have wondered over the strange expression of Ann's face. Now and then, as she trudged along, kicking up the back part of her heavy linsey skirt in her sturdy strides, a shudder would pass over her and a weighty sigh of indecision escape her big chest.

"To think this would come to me!" she muttered once. "*Me!* God knows it looks like my work t'other night was far enough out of my regular track without—huh!"

Reaching the gate, she told Virginia to wait a minute at the fence till she went into the house. She was gone several minutes, during which time the wondering girl heard her moving about within; then she appeared in the doorway, almost pale, a frown on her strong face.

"Look here, child," she said, coming out and leaning her big, bare elbows on the top rail of the fence, "I've thought this all over and over

till my head spins like a top, and I can see but one way for your mother to get out of her trouble. I'm the greatest believer you ever run across of every human being doing his or her *full* duty in every case. Now, strange as it may sound, I left my home last night and deliberately made it my special business to step in between you and the only chance of getting the money your mother stands in need of. I thought I was doing what was right, and I still believe I was, as far as it went, but I was on the point of making a botched job of it. I'd get mighty few thanks, I reckon, for saving you from the clutches of that scamp if I left your mother to die in torment of body and soul. So, as I say, there ain't but one way out of it."

Ann paused; she was holding something tightly clasped in her hand, and not looking at Virginia.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," the girl said, wonderingly. "If you see any way out, it is more than I can."

"Well, your mother's got to go to Atlanta." Ann said, sheepishly; "and, as I see it, there isn't but one person whose duty it is to put up the cash for it, *and that person is me.*"

"You? Oh no, Mrs. Boyd!"

"But I know better, child. The duty has come on me like a load of bricks dumped from a wagon. The whole thing has driven me slap-dab in a corner. I know when I'm whipped—that's one of the things that has helped me along in a moneyed way in this life—it was always knowing when to let up. I've got to wave the white flag in this battle till my enemy's on her feet, then the war may go on. But"—Ann opened her hand and displayed the bills she was holding—"take this money home with you."

"Oh, Mrs. Boyd, I couldn't think of—"

"Well, don't think about it; take it on, and don't argue with a woman older than you are, and who knows better when and how a thing has to be done."

Most reluctantly Virginia allowed Ann to press the money into her unwilling hand. "But remember this," Ann said, firmly: "Jane Hemingway must never know where you got it—never! Do you understand? It looks like I can stand most anything better than letting that woman know I put up money on this; besides, bad off as she is, she'd peg out before she'd let me help her."

Virginia's face was now aflame with joy. "I tell you what I'll do," she said. "I'll accept it as a loan, and I'll pay it back some day if I have to work my hands to the bone."

"Well, you can do as you like about that," Ann said. "The only thing I absolutely insist on is that she isn't told who sent it. It wouldn't be hard to keep her in the dark; if you'll promise me right here, on your word, not to tell, then you can say you gave your sacred promise to that effect, and that would settle it."

"Well, I'll do that," Virginia finally agreed. "I know I can do that."

"All right," Ann said. "It may set the old thing to guessing powerful and she may bore you to tell, promise or no promise, but she'll never suspicion *me*—never while the sun shines from the sky."

"No, she won't suspect you," Virginia admitted, and with a grateful, backward look she moved away.

Ann stood leaning against the fence, her eyes on the receding figure as the girl moved along the sunlit road towards the dun cottage in the shadow of the mountain.

"I reckon I'm a born idiot," she said; "but there wasn't no other way out of it—no other under the sun. I got my foot in it when I laid in wait watching for the girl to walk into that trap. If I hadn't been so

eager for that, I could have left Jane Hemingway to her fate. Good Lord, if this goes on, I'll soon be bowing and scraping at that old hag's feet—*me!* huh! when it's been *her* all this time that has been at the bottom of the devilment."

(*To be Continued.*)

FANTASIES.

BY MARY CHAPIN SMITH.

The burdened air thrills with a vague unrest,
  The little winds know not which way to turn
  And whimper low; dim fires of desire burn
With wavering flare and flicker as possessed
Of elfish longings grievous and oppressed,
  That clutch at the soft heart in wild concern
  For boons to earth unknown, joys yet to learn
Beyond all joy that life has yet confessed.

Frail haunting memories flit through the brain,
Strange flying thoughts sweeter than summer rain,—
Thin airy ghosts of days that have not been
  And happy shades of days we may not see;—
  Soul throes and strivings to pierce through the din
  And stress of ages past and time to be.

DREAM BABIES.

BY MARGARET BONNEY.

Have I not heard their pattering feet,
And listened to their prattlings sweet?
There cuddled close the little head,
While feeding it to love's own bread?

Ah! deem not then that God hath given,
To but a few this taste of heaven,
For hungry souls do oft give birth,
To babies born not of this earth.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BY THOS. E. WATSON.

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Chapter XI.

Far and wide, the news of the "Massacre of Fort Mims" blew the angry passions of the whites into the fiercest flames. Nobody stopped to consider the provocations which had driven the Indians into measures of desperation. In the slaughter of the whites on the Northwestern frontier, the Americans saw the immediate cause,—the evil promptings of General Proctor and other British officers; they did not see and allow for the remoter but truer cause,—the land-grabbing treaties by which General William Henry Harrison had used a handful of Crees, Miamis, Kickapoos, Pottowatamies, (described by himself as "the most depraved wretches on earth") to deprive the better class and larger number of Indians of the only hunting ground they had left—the valley of the Wabash. Not content with *one* so-called treaty which cut into the very heart of the Indian country for *fifty miles,* General Harrison negotiated another "treaty" which took *three million acres* more. And General Harrison knew perfectly well that the Indians whom he plied with mean whiskey, cheap gewgaws, and petty sums of money, *had no authority to sell this land,* which was absolutely necessary to the tribes as a source of living. When he took the Wabash valley, he knew that the Indians would have to fight for their hunting grounds, *or die of starvation.* Knowing this, he did not wait to be attacked by the red men, but marched into their own country, beyond the limits of the treaty land; and thus brought on the shabby little skirmish which was shouted through a National Campaign as the *"Battle of Tippecanoe."*

Harrison had obligingly camped at a spot selected for him by some of the Indians whom he had come to kill; and just before daybreak the next morning the Indians attacked his camp, threw it into confusion, and would have stampeded Harrison's army had it not been for Col. Davies and his Kentucky regiment. The stand made by these trained Indian fighters saved the day. Col. Davies lost his life, and Harrison gained a miliatry renown which he had done little to deserve.

Just as bogus treaties, made by grasping white men with such chiefs as they could intimidate or debauch, were at the bottom of most of the Indian fights in the Northwest, so it was the bogus treaty which was ever the cause of Indian troubles in the South. The United States Government, as a rule, had little difficulty in securing from the red men, in a peaceable

way, such territory as the Federal authorities considered necessary to the gradual expansion of the white people. But the Government could never move fast enough to satisfy the individual home-seekers, or land-grabbers; and the States, themselves, were often too slow to suit their own hungry citizens.

Thus in Tennessee, the United States Government, at times, had to sternly eject the whites from Indian lands; and in the State of Georgia, the Governor had to oust the Squatter Colony of General Elijah Clarke, which had crossed the Oconee, going Westward, a little too soon. Generally, however, the State authorities were willing to make good, by force, the aggressive advance of the white "borderers;" and these aggressive advances too often resembled mere predatory encroachments.

But, as already stated, the whites lost no time considering the underlying causes of the Indian outbreak, or in suggesting measures by which further bloodshed might be avoided.

The "*Massacre of Fort Mims*" was a slogan which drowned all sounds save those of war. Georgians, Mississippians and Tennesseeans sprang to arms, burning for revenge. The latter State alone authorized the enlistment of an army of 3,500 men,—a force out of all proportion to the actual necessities of the case.

Governor William Blount and Major-General William Cocke went out to the Hermitage to confer with the other Major-General, Andrew Jackson, who was still flat of his back from those Benton bullets. At his bedside, the situation was talked over, and plans agreed upon. Jackson's wounds had begun to heal; and he thought that by the time the troops could be mustered into service he would be able to reach the place of rendezvous, and to take command.

Consequently, everything necessary to the purpose was done, just as fast as circumstances would allow. Governor Blount lent all the power and resources of his position; General Cocke exerted every energy in East Tennessee to have men and munition ready: John Coffee, William Carroll, John Reid, William B. Lewis, were full of zeal and well-directed activity; and in due time the army which the Legislature of Tennessee had called for, was in camp on the Southern border of the State, ready for its plunge into the wilderness which lay between them and the Gulf of Mexico. This country was known as the Mississippi Territory, and it included the present State of Alabama.

Within the boundaries of this immense domain, lay the home of the Creeks. Here were their corn lands, their bean patches, their orchards, their grazing grounds, their scattered cabins, their villages, and the vast stretches of unbroken forest in which they hunted. Colonel Benjamin Hawkins, the friend of Washington, had lived among these people many years, and like many of the white men who knew the better class of Indians, he was fond of them, sympathized with them, and was earnest in his efforts to improve and protect them. He had introduced among the tribes many of the methods of the whites. In farming and in the simpler forms of manufacturing, the red people had

shown a readiness to learn. In a general way, it may be stated that the Creek Nation which Jackson invaded and destroyed, was not a nest of sanguinary savages, but was a settled community, well ordered in many respects, governed by fixed customs which revealed fairly correct ideals of public and private morality,—sustaining itself in a legitimate manner by agricultural pursuits and by hunting on its own land. Many of the Creeks lived in good houses, owned superb farms, and had negro slaves. Numerous herds of cattle grazed in the open glades of the forest, or fed in the swamps where the "maiden cane" kept them fat. Droves of hogs thrived on beech and pine mast, and upon the acorns of the oaks. There can be little doubt that had the Americans taken as much pains to keep up friendly relations with these people as Colonel Nicholls and other British emissaries took to "egg them on" into hostilities, both halves of the Creek Nation would have stayed at home, minding their own business, during the war of 1812.

Menaced by three armies from three States, at practically the same time, the war methods of the Indians were even more unsystematic than usual. They followed up no victory, and they made no use of the many advantages of position which nature gave them. After their great success at Fort Mims, they were expected to swoop down upon Mobile, but they did nothing. Instead of planting ambuscades for the advancing whites, as in the Braddock and St. Clair Campaigns, they either fought in the open, or waited to be assaulted by overwhelming numbers. They fought like tigers, but without sense. In nearly every engagement, they gave to the whites the choice of time and place. With the utmost heroism, they battled with the Mississippians of General Claiborne at Holy Ground; with the Georgians of General Floyd at Autosse and Camp Defiance; with the Tennesseeans at Tallushatches, Talladega, Emuckfau, Enatochopco, and Horse-Shoe Bend; but in none of these conflicts excepting at Camp Defiance, were they equal in numbers to the whites. In other respects, they were at a hopeless disadvantage, for their guns were few and inferior, and their supply of ammunition scanty.

As to commissary supplies, some idea of the disadvantages under which the Indians labored may be gathered from the fact that Weatherford, the Indian Chief, evidently lost the golden opportunity of the decisive campaign by having to lose two days, while his warriors, turned hunters, *were out in the distant woods, making "deer drives" to get food for Weatherford's "army."*

After many preliminary troubles, growing out of questions of supply and discipline, the Tennessee forces struck the red men at Tallushatches.

The Indians were surprised by General Coffee, who outnumbered them more than two to one, and were defeated with great slaughter. This, the first fight of the campaign, was of incalculable value to General Jackson. It inspired his own troops with confidence, while it correspondingly discouraged

the Creeks. Many years afterwards, in pronouncing a eulogy upon General Coffee, then dead, General Wm. Carroll declared that he would rather have been the victor of Tallushatches than of any battle of the Creek War.

Following Coffee's success at Tallushatches came that of General Jackson himself, at Talladega. Outnumbering the red men two to one, fighting in the open with every advantage that soldiers could decently ask, the Tennesseeans mowed down the Indians with sickening thoroughness. Five hundred red men, and only twenty whites, were slain on these two fields; and when it is remembered that both sides fought in the open, these figures tell the tale of Indian disadvantage. Indeed, the greater number of Jackson's men were wounded, not with bullets, *but with arrows!*

By the side of one of the squaws shot down at Tallushatches, was found a living babe. The arms of the dead mother still embraced her child. Touched by this ghastly sight, General Jackson asked the Indian prisoners to take charge of the little one and rear it. They sullenly refused. *"You have killed all its kinfolks: kill it, too."*

But the General would not listen to anything like that; and, having the child taken to his own tent, he got a negro woman (one of the captives), to nurse it during the remainder of the campaign. Then the little Indian was taken to the Hermitage, where he grew to manhood. He died there of consumption, soon after being apprenticed to a harness-maker in Nashville.

It is always interesting to hear the story of a battle, told by one of the privates. In these two actions of Tallushatches and Talladega, the celebrated David Crockett took part. He had volunteered, at the first summons, and was serving as a common soldier. One of the bravest men that ever lived and one of nature's noblemen besides, his simple story of these two battles is in curious contrast to the vain-glorious accounts given by the hero-worshippers. As you read his plain and unpretentious narrative, *remember that the writer was a soldier who might have been the lieutenant of Leonidas,*—FOR HE WAS ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE ALAMO.

* * * * * *

"We had also a Cherokee colonel, Dick Brown, and some of his men with us. When we got near the town we divided; one of our pilots going with each division. And so we passed on each side of the town, keeping near to it until our lines met on the far side. We then closed up at both ends, so as to surround it completely; and then we sent Captain Hammond's company of rangers to bring on the affray. He had advanced near the town, when the Indians saw him, and they raised a yell, and came running at them like so many red devils. The main army was now formed in a hollow square around the town, and they pursued Hammond till they came in reach of us. We then gave them a fire and they returned it, and then ran

back into their town. We began to close on the town by making our files closer and closer, and the Indians soon saw they were our property. So most of them wanted us to take them prisoners; and their squaws and all would run and take hold of any of us they could, and give themselves up. I saw seven squaws take hold of one man which made me think of the Scriptures. So I hollered out the Scriptures were fulfilling; that there were seven women holding to one man's coat tail. But I believe it was a hunting shirt all the time. We took them all prisoners that came out to us in this way; but I saw some warriors run into a house until I counted forty-six of them. We pursued them until we got near the house, when we saw a squaw sitting in the door, and she placed her feet against the bow she had in her hand, and then took an arrow, and raising to her feet, she drew with all her might and let fly at us, and she killed a man, whose name I believe was Moore. He was a lieutenant, and his death so enraged us all, that she was fired on, and had at least twenty balls blown through her. This was the first man I ever saw killed with a bow and arrow. We now shot them like dogs; and then set the house on fire, and burned it up with the forty-six warriors in it. I recollect seeing a boy who was shot down near the house. His arm and thigh were broken, and he was so near the burning house that the grease was stewing out on him. In this situation he was still trying to crawl along; but not a murmur escaped him, though he was only about twelve years old. So sullen is the Indian, when his dander is up, that he had sooner die than make a noise, or ask for quarters."

That is Colonel Crockett's story of the "Battle of Tallushatches" which General Carroll glorified as the most important victory of the "Creek War." Colonel Crockett further relates:

"The number that we took prisoners, being added to the number we killed, amounted to one hundred and eighty-six; though I don't remember the exact number of either. We had five of our men killed. We then returned to our camp at which our fort was erected, and known by the name of Fort Strother. No provisions had yet reached us, and we had now been for several days on half rations. However, we went back to our Indian town on the next day, when many of the carcasses of the Indians were still to be seen. They looked very awful, for the burning had not entirely consumed them, but had given them a terrible appearance, at least what remained of them. It was somehow or other found out that the house had a potato cellar under it, and immediate examination was made, for we were all as hungry as wolves. We found a fine chance of potatoes in it, and hunger compelled us to eat them though I had a little rather not, if I could have helped it, *for the oil of the Indians we had burned up the day before, had run down on them and they looked like they had been stewed with fat meat.*"

This picture of Tennessee Christians eating potatoes cooked in the flames of the red man's house, and stewed in the grease

which had oozed from the red man's body, is one of the most ghastly incidents furnished by the records of "glorious war."

Next comes Colonel Crockett's account of the Battle of Talladega:

"In an hour we were all ready, and took up the line of march. We crossed the Coosa river, and went on in the direction of Fort Talladega. When we arrived near the place, we met eleven hundred painted warriors, the very choice of the Creek Nation. They encamped near the fort, and had informed the friendly Indians who were in it, that if they didn't come out, and fight with them against the whites, they would take their fort and all their ammunition and provision. The friendly party asked three days to consider it, and agreed that, if on the third day they didn't come out ready to fight with them, they might take their fort. Thus they put them off. They then immediately started their runner to General Jackson, and he and the army pushed over, as I have just before stated.

"The camp of warriors had their spies out and discovered us coming some time before we got to the fort. They then went to the friendly Indians, and told them Captain Jackson was coming, and had a great many fine horses, and blankets, and guns, and everything else, and if they would come out and help to whip him and to take his plunder, it should all be divided with those in the fort. They promised that when Jackson came they would then come out and help to whip him. It was about an hour by the sun in the morning when we got near the fort. We were piloted by friendly Indians and divided as we had done on a former occasion, so as to go to the right and left of the fort, and, consequently, of the warriors who were camped near it. Our lines marched on as before, till they met in front, and then closed in the rear, forming again into a hollow square. We then sent on old Major Russell with his spy company, to bring on the battle; Captain Evan's company went also. When they got near the fort, the top of it was lined with the friendly Indians, crying out as loud as they could roar, 'How-dy-do, brother, how-dy-do!' They kept this up till Major Russell had passed by the fort, and was moving on towards the warriors. They were all painted as red as scarlet, and were just as naked as they were born. They had concealed themselves under the bank of a branch that ran partly around the fort, in the manner of a half-moon. Russell was going right into their circle, for he couldn't see them, while the Indians on the top of the fort were trying every plan to show him his danger. But he couldn't understand them. At last, two of them jumped from it, and ran and took his horse by the bridle, and pointing to where they were, told him there were thousands of them lying under the bank. This brought them to a halt, and about this moment the Indians fired on them, and came rushing forth like a cloud of Egyptian locusts, and screaming like all the young devils had been turned loose, with the old devil of all at their head. Russell's company quit their horses and took into the fort, and their horses ran up to our

line, which was then in full view. The warriors then came yelling on, meeting us, and continued until they were within shot of us, when we fired and killed a considerable number of them. They fought with guns and also with their bows and arrows; but at length they made their escape through a part of our line which was made up of drafted militia, which broke ranks and they passed. We lost fifteen of our men, as brave fellows as ever lived or died. We buried them all in one grave, and started back to our fort; but before we got there, two more of our men died of wounds they had received, making our total loss seventeen good fellows in that battle.''

LIFE.

BY EVELYN BREET SHEPPARD.

Life!—but a murmur among the leaves,
  Suggesting a something beyond,
And I strive with a frenzy that's well-nigh insane,
  But, lacking the magical wand,
I fail—and the murmur goes ever along,
  For I lack the love that means life,
And the peace that is promised to those that are true,
  Finds no place in my battles and strife.

"LIL' MARS JIM."

BY W. H. BERRY.

The residence of Col. James Hughs was said to be the most elegant one in all the country. The single storied house, with its white walls and green window blinds, its wide hall and broad veranda, nestling amid trees almost patriarchal in age, presented a scene of rural simplicity that charmed the eye and rested the mind. The wide lawn, stretching to the roadside that ran along the banks of the Tombigbee River, added to the beauty of the landscape, while a profusion of shrubbery, flowers and vines made one think of the Eden lost by man's rebellion. The aristocratic colonel, a Scotch-Irish New Yorker by birth, who had won his title in the War of 1812, had married a Southern beauty and now was, if anything, more intensely Southern than his charming wife.

One child, a bright and handsome boy, named for his father, James Harrison Hughs, but familiarly known as Lil' Mars Jim, and a nephew of the colonel's, Tom Marlowe, by name, together with the Colonel and his wife, constituted the white family.

Farther down the river was the row, or rather double row of negro cabins known as the "quarters." Here some ten or twelve negro families had their home, and amongst the number was an aged negress, a widow with her son, Black Tom, so called to distinguish him from the colonel's nephew. Black Tom was a handsome negro boy of fifteen years of age. I know the reader will smile at the statement that he was a handsome negro boy, but I use the expression knowingly, for Black Tom was, in reality, handsome. He was as black as ebony itself, and his white teeth glistened like pearls, and so beautifully regular that the white misses of the neighborhood often envied him because of their possession. The clear white of his eyes contrasted finely with his black skin. He was remarkably well grown for his age. His form was almost perfect in its proportions and his features were as regular as a Caucasian's. He did not have the thick lips and retreating forehead, usually found in his race. On the contrary, his forehead was somewhat prominent and his lips decidedly thin for an African. Still Black Tom was a negro. His woolly head and general appearance indicated unmistakably his Hamitic origin. He was a happy negro boy. There was a constant smile and play of humor over his black face that made it shine with a kindly light. In those ante-bellum days all the negroes who had humane, Christian masters were happy. They seemed to understand that God had made Mars Jim white and had made them black, had made the white man to have authority and had made the black man to be under authority. The Christian white man recognized the obligation resting upon him as master. The thought that he was responsible to God for the slaves, providentially put into his care, was ever before him. A warm feeling of affection existed between master and slaves, and between the members of the white family and the blacks at the

quarter. The quarter, almost every "Sat-dy" night, was a gorgeous scene of banjo music, song and dance, and often "ole mars" and "ole miss" and the "white chillun" were delighted lookers on. There was a friendship and a confidence then existing between whites and blacks now rarely to be found. Then the colored man would have fought to desperation for the honor of his white mistress, but now some poison distilled from the alembic of hell seems to affect his mind towards her. Then was often seen a mutual confidence that was sublime in its child-like simplicity, but now it is rarely seen. I remember in my boyhood days that a fine silver-mounted derringer was stolen from my father's shop. The owner, learning that it was stolen, came with a friend and in the absence of my father, were preparing to whip old Dan, a negro who had been with us for years, to make him give up the stolen pistol. In spite of his earnest protestation of innocence, they were preparing to whip him severely, when my father appeared upon the scene. "No, gentlemen," said he, stepping between them and the trembling negro, "you can't whip him until you have whipped me. He has been with me for years, and he has had opportunity after opportunity to steal a hundred fold more than your pistol is worth and I have never missed a cent. I have never caught him in a lie, and as he tells me he is innocent, I am bound to believe him until there is proof to the contrary, and without such proof you can't touch him." The gentlemen were very angry, but desisted from their attempt. The next day the pistol was discovered in the possession of a negro boy who had stolen it from the desk. Upon being arrested he produced the derringer before he was charged with its theft, and thus the innocence of Dan was fully established in the minds even of the men who desired to whip him. Many a time has the writer ridden home in boyish glee on the back of old Dan and then spent the hour preceding bed time in trying to teach him his a, b, c's for the ride, and the heart still remembers fondly the black friend of boyhood's sunny days. An incident more recent comes to my mind. Walking up the street of a Texan city I saw Dr. L. standing in front of his store, and by his side stood a stalwart negro. As I came near the doctor said to me, as he placed his hand upon the negro's shoulder: "This is a negro who knows that he is a negro, and who is not ashamed to be known as such. We used to round up cattle on the range when we were boys", and then after the negro man had departed, "I have tried him in every way that a human being can be tried and he is as true as steel. I love him as well as any white man I ever saw, and anything I have is at his disposal whenever he wants it. He has a fine farm and a comfortable home over on the Neches River and always, in passing through that country, though I have many white friends there, I stop with him. And yet he never in the slightest degree trespasses upon my position as a white man or offers to sit at the table with me even in his own home. He keeps himself in a negro's place. Would that all the whites and blacks of our country could have this feeling of good will and could deal with each other in this way." Let it be understood that Dr. L. is a veritable Southern blue-blood in all things and especially on the negro question. That is to say, he regards the negro as being *inferior* to the white man, and made so for a wise and benevolent purpose. The teaching otherwise by false philanthropists is ruinous to both races. When he to whom God has given one talent aspires to the place of him to whom God has given ten talents,

God's order is violated and confusion is the result and often times animosities and death. When each abides in his place, exacting that only which is his due, the social machinery moves without a jar and the glory of God is promoted in the happiness of mankind. The negro may yet pray to be delivered from his friends, falsely so called.

Digressions, like byways from the main road, may be pursued until the main road is lost sight of, and so begging the reader's pardon we will return to our story.

The sole business of Black Tom, besides the chores around the house, was to look after Lil' Mars Jim. They were almost raised up together, there being only six years difference in their ages. Black Tom fifteen years of age and Lil' Mars Jim only nine, had been playmates in this southern home for five or six years. It is needless to say, perhaps, that in the heart of this fifteen year old negro there was a love for Lil' Mars Jim that amounted to a passion deep and strong. It is hard sometimes to understand this love of the black slave for his white master. Lil' Mars Jim occasionally, in a wild fit of anger, would kick his black attendant or pull his woolly head, but no resentment seemed to lurk in the heart of the negro boy. Sometimes, to secure himself from harm, he would seize and hold his little master until his anger subsided, but even if inadvertently he harmed him his heart was sorrowful. And when it happened that the over-lord, Big Mars Jim, took matters in hand and flogged his little boy severely for ill using Black Tom, it was the sympathy of Black Tom that brought comfort to the little fellow's smarting back and aching heart.

It was in the fall of 1848 that our story opens and as the reader has already been informed, Black Tom was aged fifteen and Lil' Mars Jim nine.

Col. H. had gone to Selma on a trading expedition to be gone several days. Black Tom, who usually slept on a cot in his little master's room, had obtained permission to spend the night at the quarter with his mammy, Old Aunt Bettie. Mrs. H., Lil' Mars Jim, Tom Marlowe and the black cook were all the persons at the white folks' house. Lil' Mars Jim occupied a room near his mother's, a sort of shed room built in the rear of the large family room. Tom Marlowe slept in a room across the wide hall and the cook occupied a cabin in the rear of the building. As near as they could get at the time, it was 3 o'clock in the morning when Mrs. H. was roused from her sleep by a stifling sensation of smoke and oppressive heat. She had scarcely opened her eyes when, horror of horrors!! she saw that the house was on fire. Half dead from suffocation, she rushed to the hallway and gave the alarm. The wild cry of fire, fire, fire, went out on the breezes of that morn and all parties were aroused and the excited negroes hastened from the quarter. In some way, how will never be known, the fire had caught in Lil' Mars Jim's room. All the partition between his and his mother's room was wrapped in flames, and entrance through the partition door was impossible, for the flames were roaring and rushing through it. A glance at the hall door revealed the fact that it also was enveloped in flames. There was but one window to the room, and the heat and tangled mass of honeysuckle vines, shut off escape through it. "O! my God!" shouted the frantic mother. "My poor boy is lost, lost! O, heavens—" and then she fell limp to the earth in a death-like swoon. How the flames crackled, and roared, and popped and licked their yellowish red tongues round the doomed building. It was just at this moment that Black Tom appeared upon the scene from the quarter. His

eyes seemed as if they would start from their sockets, so far they protruded. "Whar's Lil' Mars Jim?" he shouted in an agony of excitement. "Whar's Lil' Mars Jim?" and he had no sooner learned his whereabouts than he cried, "I'm gwine ter fetch him out'n dar or I'm gwine ter burn up too." In vain they expostulated —hastily turning his coat over his head, he dashed through the roaring flames into the room. Lil' Mars Jim was kneeling on his bed helpless and nearly dead from heat. Quicker than I can tell it, Black Tom pushed him down upon the bed, rolled the bed clothes around him, snatched him up in his arms and, himself a sheet of flames, rushed through the blazing door—out through the hallway with his precious burden, away from the burning building. He hastily deposited his load, unwrapped the burning blankets, and with one almost superhuman effort tossed them away and then sank, burned beyond human endurance, to the ground. Lil' Mars Jim was saved, and except a few tolerably severe burns upon his hands and feet, where they came in contact with the flames, he was unhurt. But poor, Black Tom, burned almost beyond recognition, was in an awful condition. All that mortal skill could do to relieve his terrible sufferings was done. That glad mother, roused from her swoon to learn that her boy had been saved and how, nursed him with undying devotion and kissed his charred hands, but it was all in vain. The soul of Black Tom took its flight to another world and the last expression that came from his quivering lips was—"Thank de Lord, I saved Lil' Mars Jim."

The years roll on in quick succession. Lil' Mars Jim enters the Confederate Army to stay until the close of that terrible war. He returns to his father's plantation, now his own, for father and mother are gone to that land where wars are unknown, and in his twenty-seventh year is married. In 1867 his first born, a boy, greets the light of this world and is known as simply Tom. Many of the negroes have left the plantation, but Old Aunt Bettie rocks the cradle and croons her lullaby for little Tom, assured by Mars Jim that for Black Tom's sake she shall never lack for a home or suffer for bread while he owns a dollar.

There is a nicely kept grave on the old plantation close by the side of "Ole Mars and Ole Miss." It is surrounded by a neat iron fence and the spot is lovely with vines and flowers. A plain marble shaft marks that quiet resting place. Leaning in pensive solitude against the iron rail I read the inscription:

Sacred to the memory
of
BLACK TOM.
Erected by the Lil' Mars Jim
he died to save.
"He is not dead, but sleepeth."

"LIFE'S GOOD MORNING."

BY ITALY HEMPERLY.

THE fear of that change called death hangs like a shadow over the majority of the human race, for the average person is not developed spiritually enough to realize that at death the real ego slips out of its earth body, and because it is so ethereal, is not visible to the physical eye.

And some day science will be able to give indubitable proof of this fact to a waiting world.

Death only changes the rate of vibration. It does not and cannot destroy that part of us that thinks and feels—which is the spirit or real self. Down through all the ages, like a beautiful haunting dream, has come the belief, the longing for immortality. And as man did not create thought, this belief that struggles and lives in his heart is divine proof that God implanted that belief in man's soul when he breathed life into man's body.

In the beginning man was not created to die, and does so now only because he does not live in perfect harmony with nature's laws.

But why should we shudder at the thought of death? The rose lives out its sweet life and then fades and falls; the bird trills out its throbbing notes of love and joy even in the hour of its death. Only man doubts the divine love and tenderness of his creator.

When we arrive as infants in this world, there are gentle hands provided to care for us until we learn somewhat of the place in which we have come to dwell; and when we enter the world invisible through the silent gates of death, just as surely will there be kindly hands to minister to us in that strange world.

Some of the great souls of earth have voiced this belief. Victor Hugo wrote the belief in these words:

"The snow of winter is on my head, but in my heart it is eternal spring; and as I approach the end I hear around me the immortal symphonies of another world."

And how are we to know that the great soul of Jackson was clouded when he said with his last breath, "Now let us pass over the river and rest in the shade of the trees?" May it not have been possible that his spirit caught sight of the trees by those living streams?

Then take the closing lines of Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful poem, "Life's Good-Morning," and hear the woman's soul speak through them:

"Life, we've been long together,
Thru pleasant and thru cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "good-night," but in some fairer clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

THE WOMAN IN THE GALLERY.

BY SALLIE TRUEHEART PARRISH.

IT was five minutes past eleven o'clock on a hot July day, and the sun was shining fiercely, wrapping the lanes and fences, and fields of cotton and corn in great shimmering waves of heat, when old man Joe Walker and his son, Will, finished "layin' by" the ten-acre patch of long cotton, drove their mules, Beck and Moll, out at the bars, took them out and left the plowstocks standing under the china tree at the corner of the yard.

Fifteen minutes later, having fed and watered the tired, thirsty mules, and bathed their faces and hands in the tin wash-pan on the water-shelf, old man Joe stretched himself out on the "front shed" and pillowed his head on the shuck foot-mat while Will tilted his cowhide-bottomed chair back against the log wall and read the *Herald*, the county paper and about the only literature he had ever seen—except one year, when his brother John subscribed to the Weekly *Constitution* with tobacco tags.

"Bill, ain't they somebody a comin'? I b'lieve I hearn a buggy," said old man Joe. Bill got up, walked to the end of the piazza and looked down the road.

"Yes," he replied, "they's somebody a comin' in a top buggy. It's a nigger a drivin' an' it looks like a man from town with 'im."

Old man Walker sat up, slipped to the edge of the floor, hanged his bare feet out, and spat out a quid of tobacco, just as the team came around the corner of the yard and stopped at the front gate.

After exchanging greetings with Mr. Walker, the well-dressed, prepossessing-looking young man in the buggy explained that he was a business man from the city, but, on account of failing health, he had been advised to spend some time in the country—as much as possible in active, out-door recreation, to work not more than half the time and to let that be active employment. So he had decided to divide his time between fishing, hunting, walking, driving and writing life insurance, and he had come to this community because in Valdosta it had been recommended to him as a splendid place for hunting and fishing. He wished to get a good boarding place—one that would be comfortable and convenient to the postoffice, and asked Mr. Walker whether he could tell him of a place—one that Mr. Walker thought would suit him.

"I dunno hardly what to tell you," replied old man Walker, "but I expect Bob Luke's 'd be ez good a place ez you c'd git. Don't you reckon it would, Bill?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Bill.

"Yes," continued old man Joe, "it strikes me that'll be about the most suitablest place you can git. Bob lives in sight of the postoffice, an' they's got a six-room house. They hain't got but three children, an' Bob's wife, Lucy Brown she was, before she married, is a mighty good cook."

The young man thanked Walker

politely and, after enquiring the way to Luke's home, for which information he again thanked the old farmer, was turning to drive away.

Joe Walker felt that he was doing double violence to his code of hospitality in letting even a stranger leave his house so near twelve o'clock without asking him to dinner, or offering to board him, since he was looking for a boarding place in the community. So he ventured an explanation that he thought would excuse both offences.

Calling to the stranger, he said, "We mought board you here, but Marthy, that's my old lady, she's got two o' the worst sort o' bone-felons on her right hand, one on her thumb an' one on her fore finger. She's too chicken-hearted to have 'em split an' she's purty nigh plum laid up. An' Maggie, she's gone over in Thomas to her Uncle Bill's—been gone two weeks. Jennie, she's here, but she ain't much good, bein' she's only twelve ye'r old, an' the baby, an' sp'ilt."

"I am much obliged to you," said the young man, "and I thank you for your kindness. I hope to see you again." And lifting his hat, they drove away.

"Bet they've driv that hoss plum from Valdosty—thirty mile—over them sand beds this hot day, without lettin' him rest a bit," remarked Walker, as he noticed the tired, jaded appearance of the fine-looking, black horse. "It's a shame to murder hosses like some does. Reckon he'll not do much a writin' *life insurance* ez he says, in these beats, but I dunno. People is sech gumps thar's no tellin' what they're gwine to do."

Ten weeks later Joe Walker, Esq., was a policy holder in the New York Life for two thousand dollars.

* * * *

Will Walker, "Bill" as everybody called him, leaned his red head back against the wall and watched the traveller until he passed through the long, hot lane, out into the welcome shade of the tall, dark pines where he was soon lost to sight. As Will sat and watched the well-dressed, business-looking young man pass from sight, he felt, as he had sometimes felt before, a strange, indefinable, but very real, longing for something which he did not have—a half-unconscious dream of a broader, fuller life of usefulness, of success and achievement. Sometimes, under pressure of the monotony, drudgery and limitations of Will's commonplace life, this half-restless, almost sub-conscious discontent slumbered and slept, and for days, weeks, months, the boy looked forward with indifferent satisfaction to a life such as his father and the people around him lived. Then some incident would touch the sleeping passion into life, and for days and days the boy would dream dreams and see visions.

Once he had heard a real orator speak. He had gone with his father to N., the county seat, one day, to court, when one of the candidates for Congress was to speak there. Yes, the young candidate happened to be a real orator. His opponent was a moss-back of long standing—one who, by flattering his constituents and yielding submissively to bribery, had held the office so long until the people had come to feel somewhat as though the office belonged to him by Divine Right, and that it would be a sin to elect anybody else. The young candidate was well informed, courageous, full of youthful fire and enthusiasm. He had attacked and fearlessly exposed his opponent's public record and he earnestly advocated several reform measures. He realized from the first that his fight would be a hard one—that his opposition would be fierce and bitter. But what brave man would shirk a task because it seems difficult or almost

hopeless? He prefers it to an easy job.

That morning as the young orator stepped upon the rostrum in the court house at N., raised his slender form to its full height, tossed the black hair out of his face, and looked upon the crowd that completely filled the room, he suddenly felt electrified. Somehow, by a subtle current of telepathy or sub-consciousness, he knew that the pervasive, inspiring spirit of the crowd was sympathetic, and he was at his best.

For more than an hour the brilliant speaker held the audience spell-bound by his magnetic voice, swayed by flights of eloquence, or roused into a roar of enthusiastic applause.

Will sat on the end of a bench next to the aisle about half way from the rostrum to the door. He held his fifty-cent straw hat with both hands and gazed at the speaker like one in a trance. His lips were parted, his eyes were flashing; it seemed to him that he saw a new heaven and a new earth. The whole speech seemed to him like an invitation calling him onward and upward, calling him to enter the great world of which he knew so little and do something good and great, something that would help people and make him famous.

For a long time the inspiration lingered with Will. Sometimes as he guided patient Beck or fidgety Moll up and down the long rows of growing corn, or chopped the briers and crabgrass from the spreading ground peas, he would see himself a great orator speaking a vast audience into rapt, death-like stillness or an uproar of deafening applause. And he wondered whether his sunburnt, red hair and blue eyes would ever look so manly and commanding as the black hair and brown eyes of his ideal.

But that was three years ago, and this summer found Will still plowing corn and chopping briers. To be sure, the dream had not altogether departed, but the boy saw no way to bring it to pass. He had never heard another orator. Sometimes the representative, the county school commissioner, or the editor of the *Herald* would "make a speech" at the picnic at the mill or at the school closing. They usually began by praising the older people—the women for the wonderful dinner they had prepared and the men for being the back bones of creation. They told them how much they envied them the numerous and delightful blessings they enjoyed, and how much they ought to thank their Heavenly Father that they lived in the glorious country where they could feast on pound cake and fried chicken and escape the awful hardships of life in town.

The middle of these "speeches" they filled in with bragging on the "beautiful, intelligent" children in the audience. And they ended their efforts in an agonized appeal to the young men and boys to *stay* on the dear old farm where manhood was bred and greatness was developed—to put all other devilish thoughts out of their heads and thank God they were what they were, to avoid the snares and illusions of city life, politics and public affairs as they would hades, and content themselves to be the indispensable mud sills of the world that their illustrious parents were.

So Will felt sometimes that he was an ungrateful complainer against Providence. He had about decided that God meant for everybody that is born in the country to stay there, and for everybody that first sees the light in a town or city to live there whether they want to or not.

Joe Walker always sent his children to most of the five-months public school every year until they were eighteen, then he considered them educated, and they quit. Will would be eighteen the second day of January—just before the next term began.

Seeing nothing else to do, Will supposed he would accept the inevitable, get married as quick as he could, and settle down on the fifty acres across the creek next to his brother John's —provided Mary Powell liked the idea, and the hope that she would made him almost happy.

II.

Will and Mary were sweethearts. They had never told each other so, but Will liked Mary and frankly and simply sought her out as his first partner at the parties, took her boat riding in summer, bought her lemonade and ice cream at the picnics, and in the spring gave her the first bouquet of modest, woodland violets. Mary liked Will and accepted his genuine, boyish homage with sincere appreciation and friendliness. Mary was modest and womanly and Will thought her the most sensible girl he knew. Will was quiet and manly and Mary was sure she liked him better than any other boy she knew.

After the advent of J. Edwin Lang, the insurance man, however, it soon became evident that Will had a rival. Mary Powell was decidedly the most attractive girl at Baker's Mill. She had a neat slender figure; large, dark, violet eyes; thick, wavy, brown hair; a clear complexion; and she was more intelligent, more interesting and more reserved than most of her associates.

It did not take J. Edwin Lang long to note and appreciate these qualities. Edwin Lang was a born ladies' man. He was handsome, cultured, thoughtful. He had a way of making a woman feel that he thought her as far superior to himself as the stars are above the earth. He never over-stepped the line of strict propriety, and he would assist a lady up the steps or adjust her wrap with that half-shy, half-pleading, if-you-please manner that is so captivating to most women. He was the kind of man that makes an ideal sweetheart.

To Mary, who possessed a delicate, refined nature, an innate love of beauty, truth, honor and a healthy, romantic imagination, he was the most fascinating man she had ever seen. During the long, bright summer days they were much together. He was her escort to nearly all the picnics and big meetings, took her buggy riding, sent her lovely bouquets of wild flowers, lent her books to read, and talked to her for hours at the time of the great world of which he was a part—picturing to her its life, its work, its people, its opportunities and its pleasures.

The one gleam of sunshine, the one roseate rift of brightness in Will's dull life had turned to darkness. It was a clear, cool morning, the first of October—not frosty, just crisp enough to tell us that summer was departing. But the brightness and glory of the new day found no response in Will's heart, for he had the blues. Last night at the pound party at Tom Martin's Mary had allowed her company to be entirely monopolized by the handsome young insurance man, and when Will had asked for just *one* dance—*just one* favor, she had refused because it was already promised to the graceful, well-dressed Mr. Lang.

Will was utterly despondent; he felt himself an unfortunate target of Fate, the most unlucky of mortals. Life was not worth living; he had just as well end it all and get it over. He was down by the river making his way to the "Blue Hole" below the pasture fence, when he was accosted by Dan Baker. Dan's father owned the mill, kept the postoffice and lived on the Big Road right near the mill, so Dan was always well up on local happenings.

"Hello, Bill!" he called out, "you fishin' fer suckers?"

"Naw," said Will, "I was lookin'

fer my knife I lost here a Monday when me 'n John wus a fishin'."

"You hain't hyeard about how that life insurance agent's got into it, have you?" asked Dan.

"No," said Will, and he almost stopped breathing.

" 'Bout two weeks ago," continued Dan, "a man writ to pa an' ast him if they's a slim, light-headed, young feller around here by the name o' Lester Graham. Pa writ back to 'im that they wasn't nary one by that name, but that they's *sich a lookin'* feller here by the name of J. Edwin Lang. He writ back to pa an' ast him all about the feller—how long he'd been here an' what he was a doin'. Pa writ back an' told 'im all he knowed about the feller. The man that writ to pa told 'im to keep it confidential an' he haint cheeped it to a soul. So this mornin' just about day break two white men an' a nigger driv up to our house, an' one o' the men told pa that he wus the sheriff from Tampy, Flor'dy, an' that he wus the man what had been a writin' to 'im. He said he was satisfied the man he writ to 'im about wus a man that had stole twenty-five thousand dollars from a bank at Tampy. He said they'd hunted 'im high an' low an' all up north, an' at last they'd got on track o' this one at Valdosty, an' if he wus the right feller they wus a gwine to arrest 'im an' carry 'im back, an' they'd be most shore to send 'im to the chain-gang."

Dan paused a moment, but Will did not speak, so he went on. "They ast pa the way to the place where he wus a boardin'. He told 'em an' they went on an' purty quick we seed 'em a comin' back with a feller handcuffed in the back, so I reckon he wus the chap they wus a lookin' fer. As I seed 'em pass I said to myself, 'I guess you're done your high steppin' around here, Mr. J. Edwin Lang.' I thought I'd git here an' be a fishin' a heap sooner, but I waited to see if they got 'im."

Will found his voice and spoke. "Do you reckon he wus the right man, Dan?"

"Reckon so," replied Dan, "or they'd not a tuck 'im."

"Don't you want to fish some, Bill?" asked Dan. "I've got a pole an' line I can lend you."

"No, I guess not," replied Will. "I'm in a hurry an' I'll be goin' on back. If you find my knife you can keep it for me."

"All right," said Dan.

Somehow, as Will walked back to the house, the green woods lighted by the warm sunshine and shaded by the tall, dark pine trees looked very beautiful, and the glad songs of the birds sounded very sweet.

III.

Although Will felt pretty sore over the way Mary had treated him, he could not blame her much for preferring the handsome, polished young man to his own awkward, ignorant self. But he mentally decided that he would not act the silly goose and show himself too anxious to make up with her. For several weeks he was very reserved and formal toward Mary. He spoke to her pleasantly, but paid her no more attention than he did anybody else,—not so much as he did Lillie Brown, with whom he danced very often and sometimes went to church.

One night about the middle of December, Mary, with several other girls and boys, had gone to Bob Luke's to the sugar boiling, in an ox cart. When they got ready to go home and went to get the ox, he had slipped the yoke and was nowhere to be found.

Will felt that he had proven his manhood, and punished Mary—if she really did care—long enough. So while the other boys were searching in the peach orchard, the lanes and

the fence corners for the wandering ox, he walked up to Mary and said, "If they don't find the ox, can I go home with you?"

"I reckon you can," answered Mary, half startled.

Brindle was not found, and that night as Will walked home with Mary along the wide country road, covered with brown pine needles, and the stars shining down from above, he declared his wonderful, boyish love and asked her to marry him right after Christmas.

Mary listened to Will until he was through, speaking only once or twice, then she said very quietly:

"Thank you, Will. You are the best friend I have—always have been—and I like you more than anybody I know, but I am not going to marry you nor anybody else. I don't think I ever will marry. I am going to try to make somebody out of myself. The first thing I am going to try to do is to get a good education. I don't feel above the folks around here nor think that I am any better than they are, but I do want to do something else, to be of some use and to be accomplished enough and have sense enough to move among the people of the world, even if I don't ever have the money and position that would give me a place there. Did you know I stood the teachers' examination last summer and got a second grade license? I'm going to teach school after Christmas."

IV.

"Pa, I'm goin' to school next spring," said Will one morning a day or two before Christmas.

"You say you air? What you gwine to do that fer, Bill?" asked old man Walker in surprise.

"Because I'm goin' to git an education," replied Bill.

"Well," declared the old farmer. "Ef you're plum sot on gwine I reckon you'll have to go. But I bet I'll have a devil of a time a gittin' up another hand at this late day. Everybody 'at's any account's done got a place for another year. You'd orter a told me sooner."

* * * * *

The school at Baker's Mill happened to have a good teacher that year. He was a young Mercer student who was teaching to pay his way through college. It did not take him long to discover Will Walker's innate worth, his great longing for something better and the determination with which he had gone to work to win.

The young teacher, full of good sense and enthusiasm, was an inspiration to Will. He lent Will seven books to read—the lives of Lee and Jackson and Alexander Stephens, two books of modern fiction, one of ancient history, one of Southern poems, and a few magazines. It seemed to Will that he was living in a new world. He read the books and they fired his soul. His horizon broadened and he worked courageously.

In the summer after school was out, Will worked at a saw mill for seventy-five cents a day. The next September he entered the Valdosta High School. For three years Will attended school there. He worked during vacation at anything he could get to do—plowing, clerking, teaching. And he studied all the time with an unconquerable energy.

After Will left the High School he did something he had been wanting to do for a long time. He studied law.

After graduating from the law department at Mercer, he located at N. He read and waited for clients, attended the courts and kept his eyes open for opportunities.

After awhile he began to get important cases. People began to recognize his splendid ability, his popu-

larity grew, and success started his way.

* * * * *

While Will was attending school in Valdosta, Mary Powell was teaching or going to college when she had saved up enough to pay for a term there. She and Will met each other sometimes during the summer vacations and told each other their successes, failures, dreams and aspirations. Will never wrote to Mary, but he always knew where she was and felt sure of her friendship and appreciation.

While Will was at Mercer, however, Mary's mother died, and her step father moved to another county. When Will came home the neighbors told him that Mary had gone to visit an aunt in Alabama and would probably remain there as her aunt had insisted upon her making her home there. Will wrote to the address the neighbors had given him but his letters were returned. Finally he wrote to Mary's step father and asked him her address. He wrote to Will that he was not sure, but thought it was the one the neighbors had given him. Will was sure they all must be mistaken, but he had no way to find out what he wanted to know, so he quit writing and waited.

Will's intelligence, his graceful, easy manner, his sympathetic temperament and his bright future made him a social favorite at N. But while he was polite to and thoughtful of every one, he showed no marked preference for any one in particular.

Will sometimes thought himself foolish, but he could not think seriously of any other woman, because a face lighted by glorious violet eyes and framed by a halo of dark brown hair, haunted his memory, and he found himself unconsciously looking for that face everywhere he went.

V.

"Marthy, Bill's a runnin' for the legislatur'," said old man Joe Walker to his wife when he got back from N. one day, three or four years after Will located there. And so he was.

Will took a great interest in political affairs. He began to study political questions, political history, etc., and soon found himself thoroughly fascinated. No man in his county knew more of political conditions—county, state or national—than he did, and he felt a longing to enter politics—that place that brings out the best or the worst that is in a man—that place in which a man has such a splendid opportunity to be a blessing or a curse to his country.

It was a bright, clear morning in August during the second session of Will's first term in the legislature. Will felt that it was to be a memorable day, for on that day the advocates of the Child Labor Bill were to be given a hearing in the House, after which the vote on the bill was to be taken.

Will was a born orator and this, along with his good sense and superior intelligence, had made him a leader in the House from the first. He had been one of the most eager and zealous supporters of the Child Labor Bill and had fought for it so valiantly that the friends of the bill selected him to lead in the fight that was to be made that day.

Will had gone up town very early. There were very few people on the streets and the stores were just being opened. He had accomplished his mission and was just coming out of a door on Whitehall when he saw *her*. His heart missed a beat and he looked again. No, he could not be mistaken, it was *she!* At an opposite door just across the street, two women were alighting from a carriage, and the younger one had a

neat, slender figure, a glorious face illuminated by great, dark violet eyes and framed by soft brown hair.

They entered the store near which they had stopped, and Will stood a moment half-irresolute. Then he passed over to the carriage and spoke to the driver, a neatly dressed, old-time negro of about sixty-five.

"Uncle, who are those ladies?" asked Will eagerly.

The old darky grinned broadly and looked important. "Lordy! now, Marse, dats Mis' Ashley. I done been libbed wid dem twenty-one ye'r come nex' May. An' dat young 'ooman," he went on, "she am Mis' Ashley's niece, Mis' Mary Powell, what's been libbin wid 'er erbout six ye'r, an' she am de smartes' gal in Georgy or Allybam. She done writ er book an' she writ er piece fer er paper tuther day what a man gib 'er a hundred dollars fer, but she don't put 'er own name to 'em."

"Has Mrs. Ashley lived in Atlanta all the time?" asked Will. It did not seem possible to him that Mary could have been in Atlanta all the time that he had been there without his seeing her.

"No sah," replied Uncle Ike, "we jes cum hyar las' fall from Montgomery. Miss Mary, she jes got back from dar day before yistiddy. She been dar two months."

Will asked Mrs. Ashley's address, slipped fifty cents into the old darkey's hand and walked away. Ten minutes ago his thoughts had been clear and vigorous, an eager looking forward to the day, and he had felt himself equal to the occasion. Now to his throbbing, bounding brain the Child Labor Bill, the Representatives' Hall and everything else seemed mystical and far away, except a beautiful face and a pair of violet eyes.

On the sidewalk he met two lobbyists whose ten-cent cigars, delicate lunches and free passes he had so persistently refused until they had ceased to offer them, and the sight of the lobbyists cleared his brain and recalled the present and its realities.

He was passing a florist's shop, one window of which was filled with daintily arranged bouquets of violets. A great wave of memory rushed over him, and he saw himself a bare-foot boy again gathering the first spring violets for his school-girl sweetheart. An idea came to him and he acted on the impulse of the moment.

"What are those violets worth?" Will asked the man standing in the door.

"Two dollars a bunch," said the man. Will handed him the money, waited for the violets, and then hurried to his room. There he wrote the following letter:

"Dear Mary:—I saw you this morning and I found out—no matter how—that your name is still Mary Powell, and I thanked the Lord when I heard it.

"If I may come to see you and tell you that same old story that I told you one night long ago out under the stars, come to the Representatives' Hall this morning and wear the violets I am sending you, or send me an answer by five o'clock this afternoon.

"I *love* you, Mary, I love *you!* I have been looking for you six years and I must know my fate as soon as possible. I would go to see you this very hour, but I *must* be at the capitol this morning.

WILL K. WALKER."

Will called a messenger boy and said: "Here, take this to 131 C. Street as quick as you ever did anything in your life. Here's a quarter and you need not wait for an answer."

"Yes sir, I shore will hurry," declared the boy, as he bounded out at the door.

At ten minutes to nine, dressed in a handsome gray summer suit and a

Panama hat, Will left the hotel and walked rapidly until he reached Pryor Street, where he was joined by one of his colleagues. When he reached the capitol he was detained at the entrance a few minutes by some friends who gathered around him to ask what he thought the chances for the Child Labor Bill were.

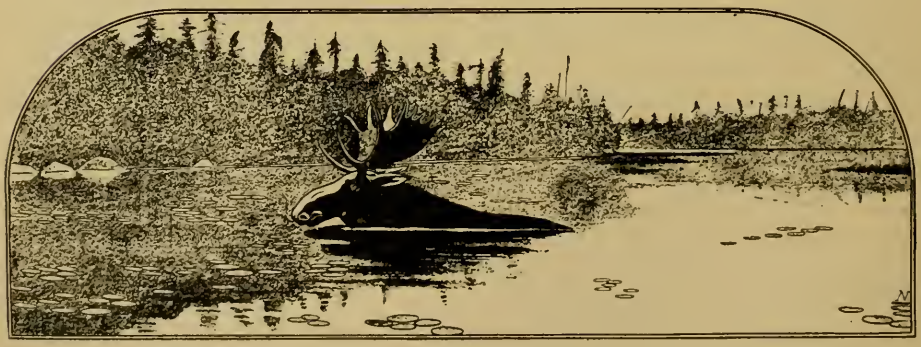
The House was being called to order when Will walked down the aisle to his seat at the front near the speaker's stand. The House was well filled, for the discussion of the bill before the House was attracting much attention and drawing crowds to the capitol.

A few minutes later as Will arose and stepped upon the rostrum a shaft of sunlight that streamed in at one of the windows fell across his shock of dark-red hair and turned it for a moment into sheen of sparkling glory.

He stood up, tall, erect and manly-looking, and glanced hurriedly over the crowd that filled the room. Then he looked again and—ah! yes, it was true. There she was smiling down at him from the gallery and in the folds of her simple white waist nestled the violets—*his violets!*

Will felt like shouting aloud for pure joy, like rushing to her and telling her how he had longed for the sight of her all these years, how she had been the inspiration of his life, but instead, he stood very still for a moment—thirty seconds perhaps—then he smiled up at the face in the gallery and began to speak.

THE END.



A STUDY ON ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Chapter I.

IN THE study of history and the lives of great men, the moral nature of the facts told in both, and their real significance in the true construction of the characters of the actors on the stage of human affairs, seem to escape or at least not to arrest the thoughtful attention of every reader. All men, it is true, read with their eyes, but it is equally true that but few read with their minds except through their memory alone. That history is philosophy teaching by example has been so long accepted as a truism and has been so continuously passed from mouth to mouth, until it now stands as any old saying and adage and is only used to point the wise remark of the professional talker with an uncommon acuteness of observation. If history is only a chronicle of past events, it soon becomes as useless as worn out furniture and stored in the attic of the mind.

The facts in the lives of great men are the true interpreters of their real characters: through them we can penetrate to the motives of their actions: through the moral nature of these facts correctly analyzed, we can solve the problem of their lives with the unerring certainty of a mathematical demonstration. The injustice done to the character of some men is due more to the absence of thought in the mind of the reader than to either hate, envy, or prejudice, while the enthusiastic admiration so generally given to others, by which they got the start of this majestic world, can be attributed to the same cause. Facts are the test and the true index of the character of men, and the smaller and apparently the more insignificant or trifling in their nature, the surer and the more truthful and indisputable their evidence against them. It is only in trifles that we let go of ourselves, get off guard and act out our inner nature and are ourselves as God made us, guided only by its promptings, with no thought as to the effect of the act, or the impression it will produce upon the reflective mind of a critical observer or reader. I began the study of the life and character of Alexander Hamilton with a feeling similar to that of a surgeon who with scalpel in hand approaches the table upon which lies before him the subject of which he proposes to make a surgical analysis. Taught to respect and admire him from my earliest years by my father, to whom he was almost an ideal man, I had accepted, with unquestioning faith, his estimate of the man as just and true. The shock was great—great beyond the power of language to describe—when I found myself rejecting it all as a fabrication of writers who were dazzled by his pretensions and his vain and immodest assertion of his own abilities, except in so far as their statements related to his intellect. From this intense admiration my opinion changed to an unconquerable contempt and scorn for his life and conduct, and their motives. In intellect Alexander Hamilton was a giant; in character Alexander Hamilton was a moral idiot.

Without a father, without a country, without a God, what else could he have been than what he was? The facts of his career and his various opinions will bear this construction and prove this strong statement or summary of the man. It is time the

truth was told about this brilliant and intellectual adventurer in American politics—more dazzling in manner more magnetic in character, more eloquent in debate and more accomplished in letters, he outshone in his short career, his English rival Benjamin D'Israeli, except as a writer. He possessed in an eminent degree those qualities of mind and traits of character that have in all ages and in all countries, in public men, been so attractive to their fellowmen, and for which they have always been forgiven every misdoing, and where it could not be concealed it has been defended so long and so vigorously that it dwindled to an insignificant fault or a mere act of thoughtless imprudence.

Alexander Hamilton's private character will be found to portray or correspond with, his political principles, their motives and intentions—the former being in reality the correlative of the latter.

I purpose to consider his character solely upon the statements made in the vindication published by himself, which now lies before me.

Before giving those statements I will quote from two authors, one of whom refers to him in his personalty as a man and the other to his vindication, to which I have just referred. I quote from the Memoirs of Gouveneur Morris who delivered his funeral oration:

" * * * The first point of his biography is that, he was a stranger of illegitimate birth—some mode must be contrived to pass over this handsomely. He was indiscreet, vain and opionated—these things must be told or the character will be incomplete and yet they must be told in such a manner as not to destroy the interest. He was in principle opposed to Republican and attached to Monarchial government, and then his opinions were generally known and have been long and loudly proclaimed. His share in forming our Constitution must be mentioned and his unfavorable opinion can not be concealed. The most important part of his life was his administration of the finances. The system he proposed was in one respect radically wrong: more, it has been the subject of some just and more unjust criticism. Many are still hostile to it though on improper ground. I must not either dwell on his domestic life. He has long since foolishly published the avowal of conjugal infidelity." 2 Vol. ps. 456 and 7.

I quote from the "Federalist System," by J. S. Bassett, one of the historical series in "The American Nation—a History:"

"Soon after his arrival in America, Monroe gave a savage blow to Hamilton, probably in retaliation for the latter's influence on his recall. In 1792 one Reynolds had been suspected of frauds against the Government and the affair had taken such a turn as to suggest that Hamilton was compromised with him. The evidence was embraced in certain letters **whose real import was far different from what appeared on the surface.** The matter was referred to three members of Congress,—Monroe, Venable and Muhlenburg. To them Hamilton owned in confidence that the letters were written in connection with an illicit relation with Mrs. Reynolds, which had been carried on with her husband's knowledge and by reason of which Hamilton had paid Reynolds about twelve hundred dollars for blackmail. The three men were satisfied and assured the public that Hamilton was innocent. The papers were placed in Monroe's hands, all promising to keep them secret. To them Monroe added a statement by Reynolds which was not submitted to Hamilton, the purport of which was to confirm the original charge of complicity in fraud. It was a piece of bad dealing on Monroe's part and came near involving the two men in a duel at a later date. When Monroe

went to France he left the papers in the hands of a friend in Virginia whose name has never been revealed, but when Callender's Annual Register appeared in 1797 they were given to the public. Hamilton called on the three custodians for an explanation. Muhlenburg and Venable promptly and explicitly exonerated themselves, but Monroe halted and shifted his excuses in such a manner that it is evident that he was responsible for the revelation. **It is assumed that** he disclosed them in revenge for his own sufferings." Pages 215 and 6.

In considering the statements in this extract I have been at a loss to find what suffering Monroe could have felt by reason of Hamilton's dishonorable conduct towards his wife, or from his complicity in the fraudulent transaction with Reynolds as his agent to buy or speculate in Treasury warrants or from his adulterous amour with Mrs. Reynolds. The letters can be found in Callender's History of the United States for 1796, beginning on page 209.

Before making any extract from Hamilton's Vindication or confession, I desire to state that I have in my library that Vindication, Callender's two books, the statements in one of which caused him to publish his Vindication, and also the original autograph letter of Beverly Randolph about the trial of Callender for libel. My extracts will be taken from the originals—not from copies in other books or pamphlets.

The title page of his Vindication is as follows:

"Observations on certain documents contained in No. V and VI of 'The History of the United States for the year 1796', in which the charge of speculation against Alexander Hamilton, late Secretary of the Treasury, is fully refuted. Written by himself, Philadelphia. Printed by John Fenno by John Bioren 1797."

Page 9. "The charge against me is a connection with one James Reynolds for purposes of improper pecuniary speculation. My real crime is an amorous connection with his wife for a considerable time with his privity and connivance, if not originally brought on by a combination between the husband and wife with the design to extort money from me."

Admit its truth. Aaron Burr was never accused by his bitterest and most malignant enemies of kissing and then telling. A critical and impartial examination of this Vindication nowhere discloses such a juncture of events connected with the charge as rendered this statement in any way logically necessary as to the charge of speculation.

Pages 9 and 10. "This confession is not made without a blush. I can not be the apologist of any vice because the ardor of passion may have made it mine. I can never cease to condemn myself for the pang which it may inflict on a bosom eminently entitled to all my gratitude, fidelity and love. But that bosom will approve that even at so great an expense I should effectually **wipe away a most serious stain** from a name which it cherishes with no less elevation than tenderness. The public, too, will, I trust, excuse the confession. The necessity of it to my defense **against a more heinous charge** could alone have extorted from me so painful an indecorum." Why drag his wife, the mother of his children, into this nauseous and disgusting muddle? His, not her, character had to be swept and burnished anew. What is it—at best in his opinion—only "an indecorum." What is the statement in this extract? Considered from a social standpoint, it is simply the religious cant of a sanctimonious hypocrite striving to use a noble sentimentality in his own service in the hope that its invocation would regain the respect, the confidence and the good opinion of the public.

But is the charge of speculation in Treasury warrants "a more heinous

charge" than treachery to his conjugal vow? Suppose his wife had been as false and treacherous to her conjugal vow, would he have considered it a less heinous offence than the charge made against him?

That being his own opinion and estimate of his honor as a man, a husband and a father, you have the clew to this man's despicable character as disclosed in this confession. He sat for his own portrait and he has painted it in fadeless colors to the very life.

Page 17. "**Sometime in the summer of the year 1791** a woman called at my house in the City of Philadelphia and asked to speak with me in private. I attended her into a room apart from the family. With a seeming air of affliction she informed me that she was the daughter of a Mr. Lewis, sister to a Mr. G. Livingston of the State of New York and wife to a Mr. Reynolds whose father was in the commissary department during the war with Great Brittain; that her husband, who for a long time had treated her very cruelly, had lately left her to live with another woman, and in so destitute a condition that though desirous of returning to her friends she had not the means—that knowing I was a citizen of New York she had taken the liberty to apply **to my humanity for assistance** (Humanity seems a strange word to use in this connection. I believe charity is the word generally used by well regulated minds.)

Page 18. "I replied that her situation was a very interesting one—that I was disposed to afford her assistance to convey her to her friends, but this at the moment not being convenient to me (which was the fact) I must request the place of her residence **to which I should bring or send a small** supply of money. She told me the street and the number of the house where she lodged. In the evening I put a bank bill in my pocket and went to the house. I inquired for Mrs. Reynolds and was shewn upstairs, at the head of which she met me and conducted me into a bed room. I took the bill out of my pocket and gave it to her—some conversation ensued from which it was quickly apparent that other than pecuniary consolation would be acceptable." Note that this meeting is the first one between Hamilton and Mrs. Reynolds and **this** meeting **occurred in the summer of the year 1791.** This statement is the pivotal point of this whole matter as to her husband and his charge against Hamilton.

Page 21. "On the 19th I received the promised letter (No. IV b) the essence of which is that he was willing to take a thousand dollars as the plaister for his wounded honor. I determined to give it to him and did so in two payments, as per receipts (No. V and VI) dated the 22nd of December and 3rd of January, 1791, page XV (15) Appendix. 'No. V. Received December 22 of Alexander Hamilton, six hundred dollars on account of a sum of one thousand due to me. James Reynolds.' 'No. VI. Received Philadelphia, January 3, 1791, of Alexander Hamilton, four hundred dollars in full of all demands. James Reynolds.' "

The amounts specified in these two receipts are $1000.00 mentioned in the extract page 21, and the receipts are those mentioned in the same extract and are so fully described that no one can be mistaken as to their identity. This $1000.00 is "the plaister for his (Reynold's) wounded honor."

The first receipt, No. 5, is dated 22 December, which must be that month of the year 1790 because receipt No. 6 which was for the balance of the $1000.00 was dated 3 January, 1791—consequently Hamilton plaistered Reynold's wounded honor at least six to eight months before he had ever seen Mrs. Reynolds "sometime in the summer of 1791," unless the summer of 1791 came ahead of time and got

to Philadelphia before 22 December 1790, and most certainly before 3 January, 1791—

Comment is unnecessary—it would weaken the statement of facts and confuse the argument to be drawn from them. He seems to be absolutely unconscious of the baseness of character disclosed by the facts stated in his own defence.

Page 18. "After this I had frequent meetings with her, most of them at my own house—Mrs. Hamilton **with her children** being absent on a visit to her father." Analyze that statement. Did any other man claiming to be a gentleman ever sink to such degradation, to such debasement, to such debauchery, and then publicly confess it in print? Alexander Hamilton turned his own home into a bawdy house and yet this unprincipled, unscrupulous creature has been held up by American writers in biography and history, by American statesmen and by Ministers of the Gospel to American Youth, "as the glass of fashion and the mold of form"—the one ideal gentleman known to American history, to American society and to American politics. No one can read this confession without the firm conviction that Alexander Hamilton was unconscious of his own baseness of character.

Page 23. Immediately following the extract relative to the two receipts, I find this sentence—"It is a little remarkable that an avaricious speculating Secretary of the Treasury should have been so straightened for money as to be obliged to satisfy an engagement of this sort by two different payments."

There is in the statement in this extract, the artistic touch of a delicate satire, as the last receipt, No. 6, being "in full of all demands" and the last installment of the "plaister" applied to Reynold's wounded honor, would include the wages due Mrs. Reynolds for her physical services, as well as the balance sheet struck on the speculative venture of Hamilton and Reynolds. But perhaps Reynolds was a prophet and knew what is hid in the womb of the future. Now one with an open and impartial mind, giving a critical perusal to this vindication, can realize that Alexander Hamilton, though a great lawyer, had the slightest conception of the probative value of a fact upon the issue as to which it is offered in evidence, or that he was conscious of the weight and effect which his own statements would have upon public opinion. To his friends this confession must have produced an intense feeling of pity, of sympathy and of regret; to his enemies, one of unutterable contempt and scorn as well as of fiendish delight; to those who were neither friend nor foe, one of wonderment that he had not submitted it to a true friend, who, if indeed and in truth a true friend, would have had the manly, self-respecting courage to have eliminated every statement relative to Mrs. Reynolds.

What is his connection with Mrs. Reynolds but one of moral debauchery, all of the loathsome incidents connected with it being given publicity without the least reserve, and in perfect unconsciousness of their immoral and debased nature; yet all the while he tells the reader of his injury to his wife, to his own conscience and honor. Not one statement about Mrs. Reynolds, his wife, his honor or his conscience tends in the slightest degree to disprove the charge of his speculative venture with her husband. The charge was abroad in the air—in the world, of politics and of society at that time, and it is now no wonder to any one reading it at this day that his family have been buying it up for over a hundred years to suppress it and only now and then at very long intervals can a copy be found in some old book store by one whose curiosity is excited by the narrative of writers who have never seen it but only

heard of it and try to tell the tale as it was told to them. The literary world has been shocked for many years by the confessions of Rousseau, but what are they when compared to the confessions of Alexander Hamilton in the base depravity of their moral nature.

This Reynolds episode seems considered, as it certainly was treated by him, as only an "indecorum" in his private and social life, and its public utterance was only an evidence that he had moments of passing remorse, as well as other conscientious men who fear God and love their wives and are equally true to each and both.

JEFFERSON'S PERSISTENCE.

Paul Otlet of Brussels, the recognized authority in matters bibliographic, estimates that from the invention of printing down to the beginning of the Twentieth century there had been printed 12,163,000 books. Of this number Thomas Jefferson did not write a single book, and yet Jefferson is more quoted and strangely enough less read than any man of whom history or biography gives any account.

During Mr. Jefferson's lifetime nothing that he wrote except his "Notes on Virginia" and the "Summary View of the Rights of British America" and the Declaration of Independence was ever published, except, of course, his official papers as Secretary of State and as President.

He was solicited during his lifetime to furnish his manuscript writings for publication, but declared it to be his opinion that what he had written was hardly worth publication. The fact is the world quotes but does not read Mr. Jefferson, and yet the world believes in Jefferson as the propounder of the gospel of liberty as it believes in no other man.

The Government of the United States through the Committee on the Library of Congress published along in the fifties the first edition of what is called "The Complete Writings of Thomas Jefferson." This was a publication of nine volumes of 600 pages to the volume, and contained Mr. Jefferson's official utterances, and contained letters selected from a lot of more than 25,000 copies which the United States had purchased from the heirs of Mr. Jefferson; these being copies of letters written by Mr. Jefferson to all sorts of persons all over the earth. For fifty years the rising sun never caught Mr. Jefferson in bed, and for many, many years the daily labor of his life was to answer each and every letter which he had received, and to preserve a copy. All this, of course, was done by hand, except that in copying he had a simple little instrument that enabled him to make a copy simultaneously with the writing of the letter.

Mr. Jefferson has the world over been charged with inconsistency; and the charge is true, because Mr. Jefferson may be quoted and correctly quoted on each side of pretty nearly every question of importance. This was true because he did not write books and never made a speech in his life, and because his letters furnished the world with a window to his soul and to his mind, which was opened to their inspection daily.

Group Mr. Jefferson's letters on any one subject and you have the varied coloring of thought incident to advancing years and ripening wisdom based upon age and reflection. Mr. Jefferson penned at the moment what the state of his mind was at the time; that his viewpoint changed was natural; that he expressed different views at different periods of his life was also natural. Volumes might be written upon his inconsistencies, and yet today the world believes in him as it believes in no other man who ever lived.

It is said that from the diamond mines of Kimberly more than three million tons of blue marl have to be brought to the surface from hundreds of feet below, exposed to light, heat and moisture for more than a year and then after most thorough sifting and working over this great mass of

matter will produce less than one ton of diamonds. So it is with Jefferson. There may be in the daily fluctuations of his mind and his soul millions of tons of inconsistencies, and yet spread out before the world, boldly written upon the bulletin boards of immortality, are two little assertions in the Declaration of Independence that humanity seizes upon, and treasures, as something above price. One of these is the declaration that all just government derives its powers from the consent of the governed; and the other is the corollary to it; that government is established for the protection of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that whenever it becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to abolish it, and to establish new government, upon such foundation, and in such form, as will insure these blessings of liberty. The declaration of these two doctrines accounts for the persistence of Jefferson.

Today, they are the two thoughts that rock the mighty Russian Empire almost to its undoing. These are the two thoughts that, today, are shaking the earth with a new baptism of democracy. These are the thoughts that are the shibboleth of that mighty knighthood, whose purpose is the undoing of human wrong.

St. Louis, Mo., July 26, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I have with much interest read your short sketches about different men in WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN. I would consider it a great favor if you would give me a little item on the life of Thomas Nelson Page, and his book Red Rock.

Hoping that you may find time and space in which to give me a short sketch on the above and thanking you in advance, I am,

Yours truly,

N. W. WOERMAN.

—

ANSWER.

Thomas Nelson Page is a native of Virginia, about 55 years old. He graduated from the Washington and Lee University and took the Law Course at the University of Virginia.

He located in Richmond, Va., where he practiced law until 1893. He went upon the Lecture platform, and was quite popular in that field of work.

His short stories, dealing with characters and events of the Civil War, made his fame. His "Burial of the Guns," 'Marse Chan," and "Two Little Confederates" had a great vogue.

Mr. Page's more ambitious efforts have not been so successful.

His book, "Red Rock," had a large sale, but it was not thought to have established the fact that his genius was equal to the task he had undertaken. Besides, he did not handle the Ku Klux and negro business to the satisfaction of the South. It was said that he appeared to be too much afraid of giving offense to the North.

While Mr. Page is still in the prime of life, he appears to have abandoned literary labor. He is wealthy; lives in elegant style in Washington, and is perhaps inclined to rest upon the laurels already gained.

SYLVESTER, GA., Sept. 7, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Please let me know through the columns of your magazine what amount of money there is now in the treasury of United States derived from the taxation placed on cotton the first two or three years after the war.

Very truly yours,

J. J. HALL.

—

ANSWER.

About $50,000,000.

GLENNVILLE, GA., Aug. 7, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I have just been reading "The Conqueror," by Gertrude Atherton, which purports to be a biography of Alexander Hamilton. In it the antithesis in the lives of Hamilton and Jefferson is distinctly marked. The characters of the two men are drawn in striking contrast. Hamilton is represented as a genius, uncompromising, patriotic and loyal; while Jefferson is depicted as a selfish man, ambitious only for personal power and political prestige. Are these estimates of character authenticated by history? Did the enmity existing between the two men ever lead them

to blows while members of Washington's cabinet? If so, state facts.

Yours very truly,

C. LITTLETON.

—

ANSWER.

Gertrude Atherton's "Conqueror" is preposterous bosh. She makes herself ridiculous, makes Washington a tearful milksop, makes Jefferson a clumsy lout and makes Hamilton a demi-god.

Hamilton did not have an original idea in his head, but borrowed from William Pitt and other English statesmen the policies which were intended to make the United States another class-ruled England.

It was the native Toryism of George Washington that gave aristocracy the fearful start which it gained while Hamilton was in the Cabinet.

Jefferson never "came to blows" with **anybody.** There is no record of his ever having given or received a personal insult.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1907.

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON,
Editor of the WATSON MAGAZINE,
Thomson, Ga.

My dear Mr. Watson:—I have read your magazine almost from the first issue, and have found it both interesting and profitable.

First. I will graduate from law school next year. I was much impressed by your editorial on "Convalescent," in which you described how by thirteen years of study you gained your profound knowledge of law. Now I would like to know the course of study you pursued, because there is a wrong road and a right road in studying as in everything else. Some roads lead into a ditch, and others lead to the place where one wants to go. I would like to know not only the books, but also how you went at them to study them. You, of course, know now what time was wasted in your study, and what was beneficial, and I realize that at my age it is as important to know how to study the law as to know what to study.

Second. In regard to history. I intend to take an active part in politics and have begun to do some public speaking. A knowledge of history, and particularly a knowledge of United States history is essential. I have just finished two good histories of the world to give me the broad general view of history, and now desire to begin on United States history, and wish to know it thoroughly—the policies, the men, the questions of the day and the questions of the past. That, of course, cannot be found in one book. How should I go about it?

I would like to say that your editorials and answers to questions have given me views that I had never entertained before, facts that I had never seen stated before, arguments that are almost unanswerable in regard to questions of the day, and when you left the path of politics and history, and gave such editorials like "Convalescent," "The Life Worth Living," and the one about the Southern poets, you reached the heights that few writers to-day have reached, and the equal of any of the past.

Thanking you for your answer, and hoping to see it in the next issue of your magazine to which I am a subscriber, I am,

Sincerely,
HARRY WEINBERGER

P. S. I have begun reading all of your editorials over in the magazines I have got, and also your answers to questions. I intend to take them out of the magazines and make them into a well bound book for permanent use and reference. I would like to know how I can get the first numbers; I have only from August, 1905. Could you supply them or do you know where I could get them, or some of them, up to August, 1905? I lost the March, 1907 number somehow.

Could you supply that? I would not like my copies to be incomplete.

349 E. Houston St.

ANSWER.

If these youngsters don't quit flattering me, Ben Tillman—modest soul! will be saying, once more, that I am conceited!

My head is too grizzled to be turned by the nice things the boys write; and we print what they write just as they write it for the reason that it does them a lot of good and does the old man no particular harm.

How did I gain that "profound knowledge of law?"

Haven't got it, son. Am fairly well up on the general principles historic origins, the true intent and meaning of general laws; and perhaps understand the laws of property and those relating to the Rights of Persons.

In other words, I studied my Blackstone carefully.

Go thou and do likewise and you will know a vast deal about English law. Then read Kent's Commentaries. Then comes the Code of your State.

Don't bother with Court Reports. No real lawyer was ever made so by the study of decisions. Judges are just human, and they often deliver themselves of sad nonsense. Decisions abound on all sides of all questions. Like mercenary soldiers, they can be hired to fight under any flag.

Daniel Webster used to arrive at his opinion of a given case by studying it in the light of his knowledge of general principles. After he had reached a conclusion, he would state it to some attorney, well-posted in the Court Reports, and request said attorney to look up decisions to support that conclusion.

Of course, they could always be found.

(2.) Begin by reading Green's Shorter History of England, and Charles Dicken's History of England.

Because the latter work is named "Child's History of England," comparatively few men read it, but it is one of the best of them all. Bruce's History of the United States is a fairly good one-volume work. James Ford Rhode's History is also a fine production. McMaster's History of the American People is a huge storehouse of historical treasure. Blaine's Twenty Years of Congress is a necessary book in studying the Civil War period. John S. Wise's "The End of an Era" is emphatically worth reading in this course of study. Also, Gen. Dick Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction." This is out of print, and some book dealer would have to hunt it up for you. Some history of Political Parties should also be read. Patton's occurs to me.

In this course of study should be included some such work as the "Menace of Privilege" and "Our Money Wars."

Information as to prices of the books can be obtained from book-dealers.

(3.) Mr. F. E. Grant, whose advertisement appears herein can supply back numbers of the New York Magazine.

England, Ark., Aug. 23, 1907.

Mr. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson:—In your editorial, "Color Line in England," in the August number of your magazine, you say you have no prejudice against the negro because of the color of his skin, and add that "Nobody has any prejudice against another because of the color of his skin."

Then why do you and others evidence such bitterness toward Booker T. Washington, who differs from the white man only in the "color of his skin," and in his enforced social relations in consequence thereof? What about the Crum incident, the case of a man who pos-

sessed the ability, integrity and aspirations of a high average white official, lacking only half a shade in color being white?

Please answer these questions in your magazine at a convenient time. You may not want to believe me, but I assure you that I am one of your most loyal admirers, reading everything from your pen that I can get, but I think you miss the mark in some things, and in making such a sweeping assertion as the above, you weaken your case, for I am one white man who confesses to holding a bit of prejudice against the negro—Booker T. Washington included, and I am forced to admit that he is the superior to the majority of Caucasians, in all save whiteness of skin. I admit that my prejudice is not right, but I am nearer right when I confess it than you are when you deny it for all, myself included.

Very respectfully,

C. P. NEWTON.

—

ANSWER.

In what respect is Booker Washington "the superior of the majority of Caucasians?"

He teaches a big school which is maintained upon donations,—State and individual: but if a white man taught the same school in the same way, nobody would, **for that reason,** class him as "the superior of the majority of Caucasians."

Booker Washington inherited the idea of his school from the negro who established it; and that negro borrowed the idea from **the Caucasians who originated it.**

The negro brain has never evolved a school system, although it has had the same centuries for incubation that the Caucasians had. The negroes were savages in the woods at the same period when **our** ancestors were savages in the woods. The negro, in his native home, **is still a savage in the woods.** He has never been anything else. It is **not** a too "sweeping statement" to say that the negro, **left to himself,** would never throw off savagery and become civilized. On the contrary, the actual experience of Liberia and San Domingo proves that when left to himself, **he will throw off civilization and revert to savagery.**

It is only by reason of his genius for **imitation and adaptation** that the negro has taken a higher ground among us than he has ever attained in his own country.

Booker Washington has been made the fashion, has been praised and petted and pampered and **overrated.**

His speeches are commonplace; his books are commonplace; and Booker, himself, is commonplace.

Were he a white man, his actual work and ability would never have earned for him the world-wide fame he enjoys.

He shows a certain cunning in dealing with the whites, but most negroes possess it.

Is it true that Dr. Crum and Booker Washington are white men excepting in the color of the skin? Was there ever a mulatto that did not fail to show **all the racial characteristics** of the whites?

I have never known one that impressed me as being **a white man in everything excepting his color.**

Aside from that, **Social Equality can not be given to any individual negro.**

The reasons are self-evident.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Sir:—In your editorial on page 735 of the August JEFFERSONIAN you make the following statement:

"The same spirit of resentment is aroused where the white Railway mail clerks are virtually compelled to recognize the social equality of the colored clerks. They have to eat at the same tables and **sleep in the same beds.** This statement does the white clerks a grave injustice. We do not, never have and **never will** eat

at the same table and sleep in the same beds with negro clerks, and I dare say every white clerk in the fourth division would resign at once should the Department attempt any such absurd proposition. I will thank you to correct the false impression that your article has conveyed, as we do not want our friends to think for a moment that we white clerks are forced to eat and sleep with negroes.

The rest of your article is fine and will be endorsed by every Southern born man, especially those of us who are under Civil Service and have, by the rules of the Department, been forced to work side by side with the negro and recognize his equality to all outward appearances.

But such forced recognition only serves to "stir in the souls of the white clerks the passions of hell," and, I will add, injures the efficiency of the Department ten-fold.

I believe the "powers that be" have begun to recognize the mistake that has been made in placing the negro in Government positions, not only from the resentment aroused, but all Southern white men will admit that the negro as a class, is not competent to hold a position of trust.

Very respectfully,
A Railway Mail Clerk.

P. S. I cannot sign my name because I am under Civil Service and am no longer "A free born American citizen."

—

ANSWER.

The foregoing is one of two letters to the same effect, mailed to me by Railway Mail Clerks.

But my statements were based upon information given me by a Railway Mail Clerk.

Of course the explanation must be that two letters above referred to came from a part of the County where the practice of putting the negro clerk to eat at the same table and sleep in the same bed, does not prevail.

In the original letter upon which my editorial allusion was based, the Mail Clerk brought the facts to my attention in order that the regulations might become publicly known. My correspondent was bitterly aggrieved because the negro mail clerks did eat at the same table where he ate and because he had to sleep, after his "run," "in the bed from which the negro clerk had just risen." My informant used those very words.

For obvious reasons, the name of the Railway Mail Clerk who wrote me the letter cannot be given. It would cost him his job.

St. Amant, La., Aug. 16, 1907.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson:—I am grateful to you for the information given me in your last magazine, but as some points were not quite plain to me, I send a few more pertaining to the same subject (some of them.)

1st. If tariff on imported goods is so extravagant, why are so many goods imported, causing Custom House receipts averaging $1,000,000 daily?

2nd. Are the internal revenue taxes on domestic articles collected for the benefit of the Trusts that control these articles? If so, why is the amount turned over to the National Banks?

3rd. If the American manufacturer with his goods can enter the foreign market and compete with the foreigner, why do not foreign governments erect tariff walls also for their protection?

4th. When the money loaned to the National Banks by the Government is returned to the National treasury, is it then used for the benefit of the people?

5th. Is there not enough money in circulation now, or is there enough were it properly controlled?

6th. Is paper money more bene-

ficial to us than metallic currency? If so, why?

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Yours,

J. F. ARCENEAUX.

—

ANSWER.

(1) Because our Trusts have run up the prices of manufactured goods to such an unnatural height that the foreign manufacturer can make a profit on his goods, even after paying the Tariff Duties.

There is no fact which proves more conclusively that our Trusts have advanced prices too far than the fact **that foreign manufacturers can pay the high tariff duties and still sell their goods here at a profit.**

(2) The Tobacco Trust and the Whiskey Trust care little what the tax is. They get it back from the men who buy the liquors and the tobacco. Of course, these internal taxes were **not** laid for the benefit of the tobacco and whiskey men. They were imposed, primarily, for the support of the government.

"Why is the amount turned over to the National Banks?"

Because the pets want the money, my son.

(3) That is just what they **have** done. But the American manufacturer has so far reduced the **cost of production** that he can pay the foreign tariff and yet sell his goods at a profit; just as the foreigner, **because of high prices here,** can pay **our** tariff and yet sell at a profit.

(4) No. The bills are destroyed.

(5) No. Too much of our money is locked up. That Gold Reserve is nonsense. The permanent surplus is sheer **Confiscation** in the name of taxation. If we had fifty or sixty dollars, **per capita,** in circulation, the volume would be about right.

(6) A paper dollar issued by a stable, solvent government is just as good as a metallic dollar, issued by the same government, but not better. There is more convenience in using it, of course. But the way in which our banks and our government continue to use old paper money after it has become nasty and smells bad and is an excellent absorbent of germs and microbes and things, is a sin and a shame.

There is no telling how many diseases these nasty, ill-smelling paper bills carry from one part of the country to another.

The Bank of England detroys its bills as fast as they come back to the Bank. New bills are issued in place of the old. This paper money is printed on linen paper, specially made for the purpose.

In my opinion a pile of our old paper money, left out in the woods, would soon have the buzzards wheeling over the tree-tops, investigating the situation.

Men and Things. By Hiram P. Bell. Press of Foote & Davies Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A volume which is "Reminiscent, Biographical and Historical." The author of this work, who died soon after his manuscript was delivered to the printers, occupied throughout a long life an honorable place among our public men. In his afternoon of life he wrote this book, and it contains a great deal of important information.

The chapters on "The Bar of Georgia in 1850," "Secession and Reconstruction," "Conditions After the War," "Secession," "The Confederate Congress," "Lincoln and Davis," "The Forty-third Congress and Party Leaders," "Social Problems," "Woman in War," "Reminiscences of Some Famous Preachers," would of themselves have made a valuable book.

Beatrix of Clare. A novel, by John Reed Scott. Lippincott, Publisher.

As fine a story as we have read in many a day. The treatment of the historical figure, Richard the Third, is masterly. The author's tact in closing the book before the final clash, at Boshworth, of the rivals for the throne, is remarkable.

The Truth About the Case. By Albert Keyzer. With illustrations by Arthur G. Dove. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Publishers.

A collection of detective stories. A capital book of its kind.

The Conflict of the Ages. By C. L. Poorman, of Bellaire, Ohio. Published by the Author.

In this volume the author, who is well known throughout the West as an able and earnest writer on economic questions, passes in review the historic struggles of oppressed humanity to better its social, political and industrial condition. With our own country, he deals fully, and presents an accumulation of useful data. Mr. Poorman not only points out what is wrong, but suggests the proper remedies.

In brief his doctrine may be summed up thus, "Do away with Special Privilege, let the Government own and control all public utilities."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

BARNWELL, S. C., Aug. 5, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I have read resolutions passed by the farmers of Ben Hill county endorsing a speech made by you in Atlanta on the night of January 22, 1907. I therefore infer that the speech was printed. Can I get a copy?

I greatly enjoyed the "Aftermath of the Civil War" in August JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. It seems to me that you could not be doing any better thing for the South than to put in form available for the future historian, such reminiscences of our great men of that day. That was a very fine portrayal that you made of the scene in the United States Senate where Ingalls flayed Joe Brown, and the Honorable Joseph thought Ingalls had nobody to blame but himself!

Please say if there are any to be had of the first number of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. I would very much like to have one to complete my file. My brother, who is somewhat of an orator, happened to get hold of that number while on a visit to me, and became so enamored of that splendid apostrophe to Father Time, that I had to lend him the volume to take home, and while there some book thief appropriated it.

I hope that you have seen *McClure's Magazine* for June, 1907, containing another chapter of "Reminiscences of a Long Life," by Carl Schurz. What he said about Lee's not staying "surprised," page 163, and "Lee's Brilliant Tactics," page 173, would make delightful reading to all Confederate veterans and others, if transferred to WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN, with comments thereon by the editor in his characteristic style.

Another good purpose would be subserved in putting this valuable contribution to historical matter in enduring shape for historians who wish to present the Southern view of the battle of Chancellorsville from the viewpoint of a Federal General, who participated in the battle and who was surely "in it" from start to finish. There are in the article several instances of humor, of which I did not think Mr. Schurz possessed a spark, but they are of the class in which you put Mr. Bryan's pamphlet "Before the Battle," to wit, "unconscious humor."

ALFRED ALDRICH.

DENVER, COLO., Aug. 5, 1907.

EDITOR JEFFERSONIAN.

My Dear Mr. Watson:—I want to congratulate you on the fight you made against John Sharp Williams in Mississippi. The dispatches this morning (Aug. 2) announce his election to the Senate over Governor Vardaman. If this be true it is much to be regretted. How can the Democratic party claim to be for the people when the put such men as Bailey and Williams to the front? Not a Northern Democrat in the Senate, and such Southern Democrats there as Bailey and Williams—what can the people hope for from such a party? There is one good thing—your airing of John Sharp Williams will destroy his power to a great extent; while Hearst has so tarred Bailey that, while "he may get over it, he will never look the same."

Such men as Tom Taggart, Sheean, Belmont, Cleveland, Parker, Bailey, D.

B. Hill, and Williams, down the Democratic party, and even Bryan cannot save it. What a mistake he (Bryan) has made in receding from his position on the Railroad Question. As Hugo says, "It is worse than a crime. It is a blunder." It virtually puts him out of the running for 1908. I have great admiration for Mr. Bryan. He has high ideals, and has done more to impress his personality upon the nation than any other man of his time. His influence for good has been great, and I regret to see you ridicule him, because he stands for so much that is good. But you do say so many good things that I will have to forgive you.

Please don't let up on Williams. If he is exposed, the corporations won't use him as a decoy duck. They are too smart to use men who are known to be against the people. They want such apparently fair men as Foraker, of Ohio, and Knox, of Pennsylvania,—bright, keen, shrewd minds that can fool the people all the time. So much depends upon good, fair-minded men that I am not surprised that Henry George said, "I am for men." We used to say, "I am for principles, not men." It seems now that we should include both.

Don't neglect to keep the Money Issue well to the front. A scientific solution of the question would lead to the unravelling of all other economic questions. Even the Railroad Question, great and important as it is, pales into insignificance when compared with the question of—Money. The great sacrifice of life, so well portrayed by you, is a mere nothing to the abject misery and want that comes from empty stomachs and ill-clothed bodies—made a thousand-fold worse because they see the lavish display of wealth on every hand by those "who toil not, neither do they spin."

The unreasoning multitude must be taught the way out. If we who know do not do the work, we will be compelled to stem the tide of an ever-increasing current of opinion toward a Co-operative Commonwealth. Many of our most sympathetic people are now drifting that way, and many of our best minds are taken with the idea. So great is the inequality of wealth, not accounted for by intellectual differences or worth, that it is no wonder that some of our best minds and hearts are drawn toward Socialism.

Individualism is too strong to submit to Socialism—that is, to absolute collective ownership. Individual love of property rights, the inherent love to acquire, will never be destroyed. Through the ages we have come up from collective ownership. The introduction of Money made it possible to get away from common ownership, and yet retain all the advantages of a social compact. But our progress in the science of Money has not kept pace with the advance in productive power, or the desire and necessity of conserving wealth. Our advance in civilization is held in leash because, "the world still lacks a true knowledge of that tremendous factor in modern life called Money."

A system of Money that would provide for an ample volume, would eliminate the interest factor from commerce and trade; would take from price that overcharge caused by interest. It would give free play to the law of competition, and make it a blessing instead of a curse, as it now is. It would make possible an equitable distribution of wealth to the producers of wealth. It would remove the drones from society, and give such dignity to labor that none would despise it.

With interest removed and the law of competition free to act, profits would be reduced to an equitable return for effort put forth, and rent would be eliminated through ownership.

Could there be a grander purpose—a nobler aim—than to accomplish such a glorious undertaking?

RICHARD WOLFE.

1514 Cleveland Place.

August 26, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson:—On page 737 of the current number of your splendid

magazine, you say that Lincoln, Jackson and Jefferson ignored the mandate of the Federal Judiciary.

Will you please cite the instances for me? My library is not extensive enough to afford me the information.

I have been invited to speak at the local labor day celebration, and want to use the matter on that occasion. This is soon to become a burning issue.

A LOUISIANA FRIEND.

—

ANSWER.

Jefferson ignored the Supreme Court when it ordered him, the President, to appear as a witness in the Aaron Burr trial.

Jackson ignored the Supreme Court when it decided in favor of the Cherokee Indians against the State of Georgia.

Lincoln ignored the Supreme Court when it tried to release, on Habeas Corpus proceedings, citizens whom Uncle Sam thought had better be locked up.

How About it, Senator Camp?

LAVONIA, GA., Aug. 24, 1907.

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE:

I notice in The Atlanta *Journal*, copied from the *Weekly Jeffersonian* of the editorial page, Governor Smith had a big job on his hands during the session of the Legislature, fighting some of "The Old Gang."

I desire to ask you through your paper, some very important questions, which are as follows:

1. Our Senator, B. F. Camp, of the 31st Senatorial district, contended all through his campaign he was for Hoke Smith and his principles, and was duly elected; his record now shows he did not stand up to Governor Smith on all of the measures. What ought to be done with Senator Camp?

2. Senator Camp, during his campaign, said from nearly every stump in the county, he would suffer his right arm cut off before he would accept a free pass or any courtesies or favors from the railroads under any circumstances, and before the Legislature met he was riding on a pass—he continued throughout the session on his pass, going and returning nearly once a week to see his family.

What can be done with Senator Camp?

3. We have charged Senator Camp, through the papers, with riding on a free pass, which we know to be true; he will not admit nor deny the charge. What must we do with such Senators?

4. Suppose the people elect Senators and Representatives throughout Georgia on the reform measures, who each time betray the confidence of the people during Governor Smith's administration; how will the people get the reform measures on the statute books?

J. A. MCDUFF.

NOTE: We are glad to publish this.

It is high time the people waked up to the way their representatives behave after they get to Atlanta.

If Senator Camp has a good answer to these fair questions, let him send it right along; we will publish it.

Let other citizens do with their representatives just what Mr. McDuff has done with Senator Camp.

An Old Letter Comes to Light.

[Our readers will remember a reference, in the letter which closed the correspondence with Bishop Candler, to a remark made on the train to a gentleman whose name was unknown to my informant.

The gentleman, speaking to a Methodist preacher who is a good friend of mine, declared that a letter written by me in favor of Prohibition had helped carry his county "dry," *years ago.*

I expected that this reference to the unknown gentleman would bring both himself and the letter to the front.

And so it did.

From the letter given below, it will be seen that the gentleman who made the remark on the train, is Hon. S. A. Roddenbery, of Thomasville, Ga.

He is good enough to send a copy of my letter, to which he referred. Our readers will see that it was written in 1898.

If you are not in too big a hurry, PLEASE READ THAT LETTER.]

THOMASVILLE, GA., Aug. 31, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Reading your recent article in the daily papers, recalled to my mind a letter written by you which was used to great advantage in the Prohibition Campaign in Thomas County, in 1898. At this time I was Chairman of the County Campaign, and caused your letter to be thoroughly circulated throughout the county. We thanked you then, and we thank you now, for the contribution.

Enclosed find copy of the letter, as you have no doubt forgotten this service rendered.

Yours truly,

(Signed) S. A. RODDENBERY.

THE OLD LETTER.

THOMSON, GA., Oct. 30, 1898.

MR. J. W. BARWICK, ESQ., Cairo, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Yours received. Absence from home has delayed my reply. I had supposed my position on the liquor traffic question was well known throughout the State. In theory and in practice, Prohibition is the inevitable doctrine of the lover of good morals—in my judgment. I can understand how the lawless, the disorderly, and the immoral citizen can support the bar-rooms and rejoice to see the community cursed with the fruit which that sort of tree naturally bears; but I cannot, for the life of me, understand how any citizen who believes in the maintenance of the peace, good order and dignity of his community, can give his sanction to the liquor traffic when he is bound to know that the bar-rooms are the breeders of vice, hot-beds of crime, sewers of iniquity, and standing batteries whose business it is to batter down the school-house and the church.

He who pretends to be a sincere believer in the benefits conferred on the community by the schools and churches, stultifies himself when he votes for the bar-room, for the work of the latter is to destroy the benefits of the others.

These views of mine are not new, nor expressed for a purpose personal to myself. I ask for nothing in a political way, and only write this much because you invited it, and because the experience of forty-two years have deepened within me those convictions which I held as a boy, and which I have always maintained as a man.

In my own county, I aided those who broomed out the bar-room, some 20 years ago, and I am proud of it. All the money of the Liquor Dealers' Association could not force whiskey back into McDuffie County. No decent white man, or negro, in this community would sign a petition to bring it back.

It is true that the blind tiger prowls about, here and there, but he crouches low and he changes his lair with every moon. The damage he does is considerable, but does not compare with that we suffered from a dozen two-eyed tigers which did not hide nor crouch, but which made their dens openly, defiantly on the main streets and the main highways, and devoured their victims in broad daylight, all the year round!

God help you in the fight. This land will NEVER be the home of peace, of morality, of contented and prosperous industry, as long as society permits the bar-keeper to undermine the foundations upon which good government must rest.

Yours truly,

(Signed) THOMAS E. WATSON.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON:

My Dear Sir:—For twenty-two years I have watched our country's progress, and for twenty-two years watched the progress of governmental evils, and it seems to me every evil predicted by Mr. Jefferson is coming true. As a boy and young man I have heard Mr. Jefferson's nearest descendants say he feared that the unchecked United States Supreme Court and the United States Senate were the great dangers and menaces to the liberty and freedom of our people.

I scarcely understood as a boy, and my mother's people being staunch, unswerv-

ing Federalists of the John Marshall type, and not admirers of Mr. Jefferson, in my earlier life influenced my views and made me regard Mr. Jefferson as impracticable. Yet always his broad humanitarianism and the simplicity of his views and genuine love of the popular good, made me admire him. As I have grown older it seems to me his forecast of what might come to pass and his fears for the future are upon us, and if we dally longer with Hamilton's creed and his regard for vested rights and property, only another revolution will restore to the people their rights. You alone of public men seem to me a real Jeffersonian; the others are mere opportunists. What matters the money question, the franchise question, or any other question, so long as a Supreme Court and Senate, saturated with and subservient to the influence of wealth and privilege, exist, ready to nullify the will and wish of the people. This is a day of concentration. Give us a Senate elected by and amenable to the people; a Court from the people, not from plutocratic sources; all officials nominated and elected by direct vote of the people; no more executive sessions, secret committee meetings, and all else will follow. When we want the railroads we will have them.

The cause of every evil we suffer from is the great mistake our Constitution makers made in fearing to trust the people with their own affairs, and putting too many and too complicated checks upon their expression and the carrying out of their will.

I believe the time is ripe for some man to boldly go to the people and once again voice Thomas Jefferson's protest against the growing and dangerous power of the United States Senate and United States Supreme Court, and lead the people in the fight to reclaim this power before its abuse has destroyed the moral tone and virility of our country.

You are a patriot and have the brains; never yet if a man had these, was himself *of the people*, loved them, and knew how to get close to them and was honest with them; never yet has such a man appealed to them in vain in such a cause. If you will appeal to them, ask them to give back to us, not our railroads, not our money that has been taken from us, but our right (no, we have the right) rather to destroy the checks which deprive us of the exercise of the right to govern ourselves. In a word, take back our government in our own hands; take it from the hands of a millionaire club; take it from a Court whose one majority decision has decided that we alone of all nations on earth, modern or ancient, have not the right to lay an income tax upon aggregated wealth, though the blood of our land must be shed for its protection.

Right always wins, and you will win in as holy and good a cause as ever man fought for. The time is here.

Trusting you will excuse the liberty taken, and will believe that if I did not believe you single hearted in your interest for the people's rights and welfare, I would not have written this, I am, with heartiest good will and respect,

Very respectfully,

R. Eden S. Rives.

No desire for notoriety inspires this, and it is not for publication. If I could see Thomas Watson raise Mr. Jefferson's fallen banner (fallen into false hands), and once more his warning launched before the people, iterated and reiterated, that it is the Senate and the Supreme Court we must in first case reform and second check, I should feel amply repaid for my letter and that I had performed a public service. R. E. S. R.

Copperopolis, Cal., Aug. 10, 1907.

Mr. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—As I see in the August number of your Jeffersonian Magazine, —a magazine of which I have every number, including the New York failure,—wherein you answer the questions asked of you by A. P. Coles, I will ask why you did not give that gentleman the full answer to question No. 1; i. e., "What are the Fundamental Principles of the Republican Party?" I think you

answered correctly as far as you went, but why did you not also state that at the very heart and soul of that party, or at least, at the very heart and soul of the great and learned leaders of that party, that the great and ultimate object is the consolidation of the Federal Government, the obliteration of all State's rights as far as possible, the extension of the appointing power to life tenures in office, abridge the elective power by property or money qualifications with a tendency to Federal legislation in the private affairs of the individual citizen, etc. That is the way I answer all such questions.

Your answers to his other questions are correct.

By the way, I will ask did you receive the postal order for $1.50 that I sent you a short time ago, in order that I may continue to receive that noble little book, the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

Yours truly, as an old California miner of Yankee origin,

THOMAS A. DENSON.

NOTE: I think Mr. Denson has put the case very strongly, and therefore lay his letter before our readers. The reason why I don't say things that I can't prove is, that when some one gets after me about things of that sort, and my witnesses don't answer, I get scared. And when I am scared, I don't feel good, a bit.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 6, 1907.

MR. THOMAS E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Watson:—I have just finished your life of Napoleon and found great pleasure in its perusal. I had read several lives of the great Corsican by different authors, some of whom made him little less than a god, others no less than a devil. I think you have come nearer striking a balance in estimating his character, struggles and achievements. During his life and long after his death, his foes pursued him with such bitterness and base calumnies that an impartial history of his life, motives and deeds was not to be expected. Was it not Emmett who said: "Let not my history be written during this generation?"

I have from my earliest recollection, been an ardent admirer of Napoleon. In my youth I formed the opinion from Plutarch's Lives and Roman History that Julius Cæsar was the greatest mortal that ever lived, and I still think, as Lord Bacon said of him: He was the greatest man of all antiquity. But I now think "Great Cæsar" must give way to the Greater Napoleon.

If we have the opinion of *Caesar* by a great Englishman, we have also the opinion of *Napoleon* by a great Englishman, no other than Wm. E. Gladstone, who said some years since, as I saw it in a newspaper, that "Napoleon, in my opinion, possessed the greatest brain ever put in the skull of a man."

What a misfortune for humanity, Napoleon was prevented from carrying out his policies! Had he done so, who for one moment believes such a condition would exist as is to be found in Russia today? Millions of people fighting for their inalienable rights, "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Where is the man with the love of liberty in his heart that does not fervently wish that Russia had a Napoleon to organize and lead an army for the overthrow and destruction of that autocratic government?

The world has produced but one Shakespeare; but one Napoleon. Will it ever produce their like again? Mr. Watson, I have often wondered why some distinguished writer has not written the lives of the world's greatest heroes after the manner of Plutarch, since his time. What a field here for some writer to distinguish himself and place his own among the immortals! It is a great undertaking, to be sure, and would require much labor and research; but it is an undertaking worthy of any man's pen. Why should you not undertake it? I do not think it beyond your capacity.

I am an old Confederate soldier, a native of Tennessee, and served under General Joe Wheeler. I should be glad to hear from you.

Respectfully,

GEO. A. ALEXANDER.

1845 N. Cap. St.

LEESBURG, GA., Aug. 10, 1907.

MR. WATSON:

For some time I have used what little effort I could to call attention to an inhuman provision in our convict laws. We rent our convicts for a big price. We often make a good profit on their labor.

We often leave a lot of de facto orphans and widows at home who are forced into pauperism or crime to live.

Has the State the moral right to do more than punish crime to protect society? Has it a moral right to take bread out of the mouths of the innocent to punish the guilty?

Wouldn't it be humane to keep a strict account of all the cost of conviction and maintenance of the convict, provide a *Relief Fund* from the surplus of the convict's labor, and pay such amount as the proper authorities should decree to the innocent family of the convict? The thought admits of long argument for some relief; humanity admits of no argument against it. It might be abused, but it is the province of a wise Legislature to throw safeguards around it to make it all for good. I would like for you to give me space to publish this letter in your Magazine, and if you should think it wise, add such opinions as you see fit to the same.

Respectfully,

C. H. BEAZLEY.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., May 31, 1907.

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON, Georgia.

Dear Mr. Watson:—I have been reading your Magazine since you first started the "Tom Watson," and think I have read about every issue; I know I have read them all for more than a year past. I started with your first JEFFERSONIAN and was delighted to find that it was better than the *Watson*—I think you got more of your personality into it. I was looking forward to a treat each month, when suddenly I found the newsdealers here were not handling it any more. At any rate none of them had it, and some said they still had it on their list but that it hadn't come. This has been the case for two months, so I have decided to write directly to you to learn if you are still publishing the JEFFERSONIAN, and upon hearing from you in the affirmative I shall send in two or three subscriptions at once, to begin with the March number.

I think it would be a shame to let such a power for good as your Magazine will be, if continued, die for the want of patronage and appreciation. There can be no doubt but that it will be properly appreciated by thinking people if continued long enough to give them a chance to get acquainted with it and become convinced of the ability and sincerity of its editor. I stop in and call for the JEFFERSONIAN ("WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN") every time I pass a news stand here, and in Pasadena, where I reside, when I can spare the time. I want them to know that somebody wants it, and try to make them think that "somebody" is rather numerous. This, and to talk to a few I meet on the street car going to and from my office, are the only ways I have of helping your Magazine and its good work along.

Hoping to hear from you soon and that your JEFFERSONIAN is prospering, I am,

Yours very truly,

JNO. T. CAVE.

A Consultation.

MONMOUTH, ILL.

HON. THOMAS WATSON.

Dear Sir:—Your correspondent, T. W. Hurst, of 1430 West Madison Street, Chicago, offers a suggestion that W. R. Hearst, W. J. Bryan, T. L. Johnson, of Cleveland and T. H. Tibbles of Omaha, should meet together and unite on a platform for the Democratic party. I have been writing some articles for a local Democratic paper, and have frequently suggested something of the same kind, only that I suggested a larger number, including Lafollette, and Republicans like him, and I also think it would be wise to require every delegate to any State or National Convention to sign a pledge to vote against allowing such so-

called Democrats as Roger Sullivan or August Belmont to take part in such conventions. The Chicago *Examiner,* of August 6th, says that Belmont is insisting that Mr. Parker must be vindicated by another nomination. If anybody believed Judge Parker and his gold plank platform would succeed in 1904, surely no man of half common sense believes it now, and unless the party can get clear of the influence of such traitors we can expect nothing but defeat. The mass of voters in both the Republican and Democratic parties are tired of the tariff robbery, and the wholesale bribery indulged in by millionaire corporations, especially since Roosevelt has again made his peace with Harriman and his friends; but unless they can cut loose from such Democracy as Belmont and Sullivan teach, we merit defeat.

There are two voters in the United States who believe in Jeffersonian democracy in preference to the policy pursued by the party now in power, and I think probably three to one, but they were born in that party when it claimed to be the one great party for liberty and equal rights; but now it has become the mere tool of all that is as opposed to equal rights and fair play. The reason Belmont and the Sullivans profess Democracy, instead of openly assisting the Plutocrats, is that they can aid such Plutocrats as Belmont more by pretending to be Democrats than if they came out openly in favor of tariffs, and government by railroads and bankers, that draw interest on their debts. Bad as the railroads are when getting interest on watered stocks, more corruption and evil influence comes through allowing bankers to draw interest on their debts.

FAIR PLAY.

The People vs. Trusts and Corporations.

By people, are meant those that respect and abide by just laws; that also desire and advocate equal justice, liberty and opportunities for all, but special privileges for none. The last decade has proven conclusively that the people will never be able to rid themselves of the tyrannical, oppressive and despoiling misrule of the trusts and corporations, unless the people unite. Considering that they have been so often deceived and misled; considering also, that they are divided into numerous, practically impotent squads, it seems like a miracle to ever bring them together again; which, evidently, is absolutely necessary. History teaches plainly that no great uprising of the people has ever been accomplished without one or more leaders. Will the present leaders of the people's cause (and there are, thank God, many of them) take heed? Will they exercise all possible manhood, self-denial and patriotism, in order to first unite among themselves; putting aside all personal and party considerations, shelving or tabling (for the time being) every principle (no matter how good and desirable) upon which they are not, practically, a unit?

If the many leaders of the people's cause are really honest in their professions for the welfare of the people—*the highest law*—then they will, surely, put forth the strongest effort to bring about that desirable and necessary union among themselves; and the people will surely follow. It is said: "Where there's a will, there's a way." An honest, energetic and persevering will should, surely, not be lacking in any of the many leaders. Then, naturally, the right way should and will be found. Unless the writer is very much mistaken, practically all the reform leaders are a unit on the following propositions:

FIRSTLY. No person should be a delegate, much less a candidate for any office, that is interested in any trust or corporation, either directly as an officer, or indirectly as a stockholder.

SECONDLY: The embodiment into our Federal and State constitutions of the initiative and referendum, and the right of the people to elect all public officials by direct vote, and kick out of office, without impeachment proceedings, those that become derelict in their sacred duties

to the people. These things are, indeed, the keystone, the solid and secure foundation of a geniune republic, i. e., a government *by, of,* and *for* the people, which, in fact, we have never had. An anxious and almost hopeless people are waiting, patiently waiting, to have the united leaders lead them forward and onward towards a desirable, decisive and glorious victory. Will the leaders do it? God grant that they may, is the honest and earnest prayer of DIXIT.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Aug. 5, 1907.

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Is your WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE still being published? I have asked at the news stands in this city for it for the past two or three months, and they have not had it on sale. I am a regular subscriber to the *North American Review* and I read a number of other leading magazines, and in all fairness I think WATSON'S the best of all. I have heard a number of my friends say that they had tried to buy copies of it here and had failed. Can you not refer this to your publishers and have it arranged for some one to handle it in this city?

Very respectfully,

B. CLAY MIDDLETON...

117 McCallie Avenue.

IN THE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT.

Agents, club-raisers and others are requested to bear in mind that the special rates offered during the summer months expired with August.

Hereafter, we cannot accept less than our regular rates.

The Monthly is $1.50 per year.

The Weekly is $1.00 per year.

Six-months subscriptions will be taken at one-half the yearly rates. We prefer not to have subscriptions for less than six months.

* * * * *

To clubs of 3 or more, the Magazine is $1.10; the Weekly 75 cents. The commission of agents on full regular price is 30 per cent. Where both publications are ordered at same time to same address, the price is $2.00.

Where agents take this order, the commission is 50 cents.

Of course, no subscriber will expect us to recognize *him* as an agent in securing *his own subscription.*

* * * * *

Back numbers of the Magazine and of the Weekly paper can be furnished at 15 cents per copy for the Magazine and 5 cents per copy for the Weekly paper.

Full sets, unbound, can be supplied, January to June, inclusive, at $1.00.

* * * * *

We have taken the first six numbers of the Magazine, January to June, inclusive, and stripped off the covers and the advertising pages, and bound them into a book. *There are only 287 of these.*

The volume makes a most beautiful and useful book for any library. The binding is cloth, the back is gilt-lettered, and the work is done in the best manner. The volume is profusely illustrated and is printed on superior book paper.

To the young and to the old, this book will ever be of great value and a source of permanent benefit.

* * * * *

We are offering this volume of *more than 700 pages,* with scores of the most attractive pictures, *including the splendid drawings of Gordon Nye,* at $2.00.

But if you want it *as a premium,* we will mail it to you, prepaid, for 5 subscribers to the Weekly Jeffersonian, accompanied by full regular price of the paper.

If you are already a subscriber to the paper, send 4 names with $4.00, in addition to your renewal at full price, and we will mail you the beautiful premium.

If yo uare already a subscriber to the Magazine, and will renew at full price, sending 3 other names at full rate for each, we will mail you this splendid premium.

There are only 287 of these books in existence.

If you want *a book that will sell for $100, in less than ten years, act promptly.*

Next year the book-dealers will be advertising for these books as they now advertise for "Watson's Magazine," the New York publication of which Mr. Watson was robbed by Col. W. D. Mann and Mr. C. Q. DeFrance.

* * * * *

In taking stock, the other day, it was found that we could make up 2,200 sets of *the first three numbers of the Magazine.* Mr. Watson determined to make a book out of these,—and a charming book they will make.

It will contain 425 pages. It will be profusely illustrated with the Gordon Nye cartoons, the A. K. Taylor drawings, the photographic of "Mr. Watson in His Home," and scores of other pictures.

The price of this delightful *collection of literary miscellanies* will be $1.50. We will mail it prepaid to every subscriber of the Weekly who renews his own subscription at full price and sends along with his renewal 3 other names and $3.00.

To every Magazine subscriber who renews at full price and sends 2 other names and $3.00 we will mail the beautiful book as a premium.

Every one of these 2,200 books will steadily advance in value, and will always be saleable at more than the cost price.

As there are many thousand subscribers to the Weekly and the Monthly who will want these books, you will realize the wisdom of getting busy if you want the treasure.

SUBSCRIBERS

WATCH YOUR DATE.

The date appearing with your name on your Magazine tells you when your subscription expires. If renewal is not received at the office in Thomson before date of expiration, your name will be dropped from the mailing list after date of expiration.

This is the only notification of expiration which will be given, and this rule will invariably be held to.

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE,

By the Circulation Manager.

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS.

Pennsylvania Grafters.

The Pennsylvania capitol graft scandal promises to become yet more sensational. James M. Shumaker, former Superintendent of Public Buildings at Harrisburg, who is to be a star witness in the graft trials, is reported as saying: "I am going to tell everything I know. I do not propose to suffer for the sins of a scoundrel who knew the colossal graft but refused to stop it, as I urged. I know what the graft was for, that it was to cover a treasury shortage and save the name of a former United States Senator from Pennsylvania, now dead."—Nashville *Banner*.

The Enormous Power in the Hands of Courts.

Attorney-General Bonaparte announces that the Government will stand behind the Federal judges in their attempts to override the States and protect the railroads. In a message to the United States District Attorney, located at Montgomery, Ala., that official is directed to see that all processes issued by Federal Judge Jones are served. The Attorney-General gives utterance to this significant sentence:

"This Department has already announced publicly on more than one occasion that it would see the process of Federal courts requiring executive enforcement duly enforced without regard to cost or consequences."

Of course Mr. Bonaparte will enforce the decrees of the Federal courts. He has no choice but to do so. It did not require this somewhat pompous communication to establish that fact. He is only the servant of the courts. An office boy might as well announce in important language that he will obey the orders of his boss. The courts wield the power, not Mr. Bonaparte.

And what a power it is they wield! A half dozen or more States have passed railroad rate laws, every one of which is tied up by Federal judges. The national rate law itself has not yet run the judicial gauntlet, and, as it amounts to nothing, may never have to do so. If it really did regulate the roads, however, it would have been enjoined long ago.

In this state the Eighty-Cent Gas law, the Recount law, and other statutes that affect corporation profits or corporation rule are suspended because of judicial action. A similar condition exists in other States. Whenever an act is passed that the trusts regard as inimical to their interests they at once seek the protection of the courts, and, as a result, the law is held up for years, if it is not nullified forever.

If the time should ever come when Congress and the State Legislatures really awaken to the rights of the people and enact legislation to halt corporation dishonesty, the danger from an irresponsible judiciary would be increased many fold. The present conflict, which for the most part is a sham, would be nothing compared with that.

The Federal courts have power today to veto National and State legislation and to halt action of National and State executive departments. Considering the immense authority they exercise, it is a trifle amusing for the Attorney-General to announce that he will support them. It is not unlike the fly on the chariot wheel

that imagined he was running the race.

When a Federal judge is appointed he is answerable to nobody. In a people's government he is entirely independent of the people. True, he can be impeached, but, as a matter of fact, he never is. Holding office for life, he can be as autocratic as a king.

This irresponsible power has already been abused, and carries the possibility of infinitely greater abuse. For it there is but one remedy: To elect all judges for short terms.—N. Y. *American.*

Cuba's Cost to Us.

So much of our army as is in Cuba cost us $2,554,970 more than it would have cost to maintain it at home during the fiscal year of 1907. Such is the report of Quartermaster-General Aleshire, nearly $2,000,000 of this amount being for transportation. We are not measuring what we are doing or have done in Cuba in terms of money, but it is just as well to know what the cost is.—Boston *Herald.*

Sell It to the People of Georgia.

Assuming that the Southern Railway Company has decided to dispose of its holdings of the capital stock of the Central of Georgia, as appears to be indicated in the press dispatches from New York, an excellent opportunity confrfonts not only the Southern to ingratiate itself in popular favor, but also the people of Georgia to secure the ownership and control of a property which once belonged to the people of the State, and which, by right, they should own now.

In the first place, the continued ownership of this stock by the Southern, a competing line, in direct and open violation of the State Constitution, is out of the question. The end of this ownership and control has about been reached. It may be prolonged for a while, but the dissolution of this illegal and vicious combination—vicious in that it has throttled competition between the two most important traffic highways in the State—is in sight. It may be hedged about with statutory quibble and legal technicality, but its days are numbered. There is no escaping the public determination to re-enthrone its fundamental law; and the dethronement of this unconstitutional alliance is as inexorable as fate.

The meaning of this is that the Southern must part with its unlawfully acquired and unlawfully held property to a bona fide purchaser whose ownership is in no way linked with that of the vendor. There have been railroad situations of this kind before, and when the issue came, the Pennsylvania did not hesitate to dispose of the Baltimore and Ohio, even though it made of it an active and an energetic competitor.

Georgia is a wealthy State. She has reached the distinction of having not a few, but hundreds of citizens who have money to invest and who are seeking for the right sort of investment. We venture the assertion that not one but a dozen syndicates could be formed in Georgia with sufficient capital to buy the control of the Central of Georgia Railway. They are men, too, who in these piping times of material prosperity could make of it a great commercial and business success. They are men, too, whose reply to the demand for more facilities, we believe, would be more cars and double tracks.

The Central Railroad was built by Georgians for the benefit of Georgia, and largely with Georgia capital. Into it went the money of widows and orphans and charitable and eleemosynary institutions, besides that of men of business and material affairs. It fell upon evil times and the property went into the hands of other interests—ultimately into the posses-

sion of the Southern Railway, its most active competitor.

It is hardly to be doubted that there are many Georgians who would welcome the opportunity to acquire this property and bring it back into the control of the people of this State.

If the Southern Railway is sincere in this effort to dispose of its holdings of the 50,000 shares of Central of Georgia stock, and to obey the Georgia Constitution, let it offer the property upon fair and equitable terms to the people of this State. If it does this, its sincerity will not be questioned; a double victory will be gained.

A sale of the Central's stock to the Baltimore and Ohio, which, report says, is contemplated, will not answer. The people will tolerate no kiting system of subterfuge and evasion. The Baltimore and Ohio is but another limb of the same Wall Street tree, upon which the Southern and the Central are grafted. The holding committee might as well turn the stock over to the Mobile and Ohio or the Cincinnati Southern. If that is the disposition to be made of the stock, it may as well be understood now, once and for all, that the people are going to keep after this unholy alliance until there is not enough of the corpse of it left to make a respectable funeral.

We offer this suggestion in good faith, believing its consummation will serve the interests both of the Southern and the people of this State.

Let the ownership, the control, of the Central of Georgia be sold, and let the people of Georgia be the purchasers.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Practical Socialist.

J. A. Wayland, editor of the *Appeal to Reason,* at Girard, Kans., is reported to have made enough money out of his paper to become a promoter and stock owner in a new electric line to be built from his town to the zinc fields in Cherokee county. We are in receipt of a copy of his paper, filled to the brim with a villainous attack on the President and existing social conditons, and we are at a loss to know how such journalism can be made to pay in this enlightened age and in a country filled with happy homes and a prosperous people. But striking at the home, striking at the existing social system and striking at the development of the ages, may bring in dollars enough to satisfy the conscience of Wayland.—*Gentry Sentinel.*

Many Thanks.

See the announcement of Tom Watson's publications, on last page. Mr. Watson is one of the strongest and most spicy editors in the whole country, and always speaks for the interests of the people and against all political or business combines that wrong or oppress. His controversy with Bishop Candler of the M. E. Church, South, regarding the latter's responsibility for saloons in Georgia, because he refused to support the Populist-Prohibition ticket in 1896, was alone well worth a year's subscription.—*Patriot Phalanx,* Indianapolis, Ind.

Looks Suspicious.

Pritchard, the Federal Judge, who has enjoined the whole State of North Carolina from enforcing her reform railroad laws, was for years prior to this appointment a railroad attorney. Singular how the President always manages to get in a good solid plug for the railroad trust he is busting.—*Smith County Messenger,* Kansas.

NOTE: And this is not all of it. Pritchard was succeeded by his own son-in-law as attorney for the Southern Railroad, and that son-in-law is now the railroad's lawyer. T. E. W.

Kinds of Democracy.

"We make no war upon wealth. We war only on those who get their wealth by LAWS which take the property out of one man's field and put it into another's. We fight for home and fireside, for wife and children. We want to injure no man who is carrying on a legitimate business in a legitimate way. Liberty and peace. We stand for equality and exact justice to all men, and special privileges to none." The above is the kind of democracy Watson believes in and has always fought for. The following is the kind of democracy Mr. Watson has ever fought and is fighting today. The kind known as the "safe, sane, and conservative" of whom Ryan, Baer, Belmont, Taggart and Murphy are typical examples, and who in conjunction with such republicans as the Aldrichs, Depews, and Platts dominate American politics, control and nominate the candidates for the people. These "safe and sane" democrats are innocent of principles and their master passion is to relieve the masses of what they earn. The Democratic party is in the hands of and under the direction of Ryan, Belmont, Taggart & Co.—From *The People's Voice,* Norman, Okla.

Father of Rural Free Delivery.

Some months ago mention was made in these columns of the claim of the Honorable Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, as the father of Rural Free Delivery, and it has not been satisfactorily disputed by anyone up to the present time, although other "fathers" were in the field. Postmaster Brown, of Wayne, Pa., has issued a printed voluminous circular headed "Origin of Rural Free Delivery," and "Part the Wayne Post-Office and Postmaster Brown Played in the Scheme." The circular is largely made up of correspondence of the Pennsylvania Postmaster and the Postmaster-General, and very dry reading. If boiled down or briefed in some way, it might be possible for the average person to find out just exactly how much weight Brown's claim is entitled to.—*The Postmaster's Advocate,* Washington, D. C.

Standpatters' Doctrine.

In a recent speech before the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce, Gov. Cummins, of Iowa, said:

"I am for tariff revision and for tariff reduction as a measure of justice to the buyers of protected commodities. It seems to me that we have gone mad in our zeal for the seller, and have abandoned the buyer to the tender mercies of monopoly, combination, and greed."

And thereupon the *American Economist,* special organ of the standpatters, makes these remarks:

"Consideration for the consumer and justice for the buyer is orthodox free-trade doctrine. The trouble with free-traders is that they fail to remember that in our country 99 per cent of the consumers are also producers, and 99 per cent of the buyers are also sellers. With labor scarce, wages high, savings banks deposits increasing at a tremendous rate, and the per capita wealth of the country mounting steadily upward year by year, it seems nonsensical to be spouting about the abandonment of the buyer to the tender mercies of monopoly, combination, and greed; that is, it seems nonsensical for the Republican Governor of a great Republican State to be talking that way in such a hive of industry and production as Pittsburg. Singular to relate, the man who talks this free-trade stuff is by some people still recognized as a Republican and a protectionist."

If Gov. Cummins is a free trader, much more than half of the membership of the Republican party are free

traders. If Governor Cummins is a heretic, so is a large majority of the members of the National Association of Manufacturers, most of whom are Republicans. Naturally Pittsburg likes the tariff as it stands, for it takes many millions of dollars every year out of the American people's pockets and hands them to Pittsburgers. If the *Post* believed that any part of the United States was a locality in which "wealth accumulates and men decay," it would point to Pittsburg as that identical place. But the *Post* is not so pessimistic as to abandon hope of Pittsburg, even under present discouraging conditions. Moral reform will strike that city some of these days. The men who fling the epithet "free trader" at Gov. Cummins are the same men who paid that compliment to President McKinley and Secretary Root some eight or nine years ago. They are the incurable standpatters, but a rude experience awaits them in the near future. To save itself the Republican party is beginning to understand that it must put them down.—*Washington Post.*

Marion Butler.

It seems that Marion Butler of North Carolina is still alive. A press dispatch sent out from Washington says that he is chairman of the Populist national committee and is rounding up the Southern Populists for the purpose of helping Roosevelt get Southern delegates to the Republican national convention. The Washington reporter is not posted or else is a prevaricator of the first degree. The Populist national chairman is Hon. J. H. Ferriss of Illinois, editor of the *Daily News* published at Joliet. Butler's term as chairman expired years ago. Strange to say, Butler, born a Southern Democrat, so much a Republican hater that he favored the endorsement of the Democratic candidate for President by the Populists, is now an out and out Republican, and has been for several years. The straight Populists never had any use for Butler after the 1896 campaign. They made it very hot for him from the time he refused to make public Watson's letter of acceptance of the nomination for vice-president in 1896. Even the Fusion Populists got sick of him. On the other hand, the Republicans at Washington treated him very kindly, approving his claim for a big fee ($30,000 as we recollect the press dispatches gave it) for some service he had done in connection with some Indian claim. In this connection it may be proper to call atention to how the monopolists, whose knees were knocking together with fear caused by the sound of the tramp of millions of cowhide boots, side-tracked the wearers of those boots. U. S. Senator Bill Stewart, of Nevada, the attorney and lobbyist of the Southern Pacific Railway, established the Silver Knight paper at Washington, and more than a year before the 1896 convention advocated "union of the reform forces" and a trimming of the Populist platform to the money question, gave the silver question the right of way, and denounced Populists who opposed "union of the reform forces" as users of Republican money. All this was a year before Bryan's nomination. Yet Old Bill Stewart knew then that Bryan was to be nominated on a silver platform and that an effort was to be made to have the Populists endorse him. The scheme of Stewart and those behind him (the monopolists) was to side-track the movement of the people against Wall Street rule. It was not Stewart's object to elect Bryan. His scheme was to head off the reform movement by using Bryan and Free Silver as decoys. When the monopolists had accomplished their purpose, their agent, Stewart, laughed at Bryan,

said he could not stand him and Herr Most, and took the stump for McKinley and against Bryan in the 1900 campaign. And the Democratic politicians, the big ones, were in the conspiracy to sidetrack the People's party. They knew that Kansas and Nebraska and the West generally would fall back into the Republican column, and that is just what these big Democrats wanted, because it would discourage the Populists of the South and thus enable the Democrats to retain their hold of the Southern States where the People's party was growing rapidly.

The people must be shown that the change of the Democrats from Grover Cleveland and silver demonetization to W. J. Bryan and free silver was for the purpose of heading off the people's movement. The masses of Republicans and Democrats should be told of this fact until they believe it. They should be taught how the monopolists, through their political agents, keep down people's movements. Wall Street was too sharp for the inexperienced Populist leaders in 1896. Marion Butler, very young and very vain, dropped out of the U. S. Senate and is now "the little dog under the table" of the Republican politicians at Washington. W. V. Allen, of Nebraska, who was so completely taken in by Stewart that he went to the extent of unfair rulings, as chairman of the convention, to force Bryan's endorsement, is out of the national Senate and back in his law office in some country town in Nebraska.

Here in Missouri we who had been Greenbackers were "onto the racket," for the Democrats in State and strong Greenback counties had stolen our platform and later had yelled themselves hoarse during three presidential campaigns for Wall Street's candidate, Grover Cleveland. So at St. Louis we voted from first to last against the endorsement of Bryan, voted against making it unanimous and were ready to join with the Texas 103 to bolt and nominate a straight ticket. The people must learn that a few rule them by fooling them. They must get onto the sham battles and decoys. They must learn that the great politicians engage in strategy. For example, this fight of Rockefeller and the railroads against the President is all stage play for the entertainment of the people. The fact is the President's Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cortelyou, is right now fairly stuffing Rockefeller's bank with deposits of government tax money as a free loan and at the same time is issuing new interest bearing bonds. The sham looks so much like the real that the only safe way for the people to do is to get out of the political parties that the monopolists are in, and look upon every old party platform, speech and leader as a sham.—*Missouri World.*

Something Doing.

If the railroads in the country are wise they will tumble to the fact that there is something in the atmosphere that bodes no good for them. Never in the history of the republic have the gigantic corporations been so insolent to the courts and never have they so maliciously defied public sentiment, and overridden public rights. But if an observant man will put his ear to the ground he may hear distant rumblings of a cyclone of public indignation that will sweep the corporations off their feet. In North Carolina Gov. Glenn has almost run the federal court in its hole and brought the railroads to their knees. In Alabama Gov. Comer is engaged in a similar fight and from recent dispatches the railroads are getting ready to come to time. In Arkansas the Secretary of State has revoked the license of the Rock Island road to do business in that State because of

violation of the State statutes. An injunction has been obtained from a federal court up north restraining the State from enforcing its order, but the State authorities announce that they will not abide by the mandates of the federal court. All along the line the conflict is being drawn between the State courts and the federal courts. If necessary, the governors announce that they will call out the State troops to enforce their orders. And in addition to all these movements there is a strong public sentiment that is upholding the governors in their efforts to enforce the State laws.—*The Clifton* (Tenn.) *Mirror.*

It Will Come.

Postmaster General Meyer announces that he will recommend to Congress the enactment into law of every demand the Populist party ever made concerning the postal service. He will advise the establishment of postal savings banks, a parcels post and the issue of postal notes. Then he goes a little further than a Populist ever went and says that the department will set up everywhere slot machines from which the people can get postage stamps by putting the price in the slot. He will hardly get Congress to consent to all these conveniences for the people, especially the savings banks and postal notes. The banks have too many members of Congress. However, it will come in time.—*The Investigator.*

How About It, John?

John Sharp Williams won the nomination for United States Senator at the Mississippi primaries by a few votes, which shows that that State is a long way from being in the lead of the reform movement. Mr. Williams' explanation of his exceedingly narrow squeeze is that Tom Watson gave orders to about 20,000 Populists, who have the privilege of attending the Democratic primaries, to destroy him. This is better than the previous explanation—that Hearst's "emissaries did it." Vardaman undoubtedly got the Tom Watson vote. The union of the Populists and reform Democrats in Mississippi did not work out the same way it did in Georgia. The Populists and reform Democrats when combined are in a minority. John Sharp Williams is as much a corporation man as Foraker or Spooner.—*The Investigator.*

Rockefeller.

John D. Rockefeller means well. In all the world's accumulated records of mental phenomena it would be difficult to find so curious an example of ethical perversion. Incredible though it may seem, the man gives the impression of sincerity in believing himself a misjudged benefactor of his fellow-men.

Assuming that criminal intent is necessary to constitute crime, keeping in mind all the known facts in Rockefeller's career, and retaining the viewpoint of philosophic calm, doubt grows stronger and stronger as to whether the man is not more monomaniac than malefactor.

There is a human limit to the audacity of hypocrisy. A million Pecksniffs rolled into one could not have concocted the latest illuminating public utterance of Rockefeller. The voice that spoke therein was, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the voice of a distorted mentality which believes itself a "superman," a divine agent, unbound by laws made for lesser men, above the comprehension of the multitude.

All that we hear of his being kindly, gracious and benignant in his home and church and social circle is consistent with this theory. If it be not the true one, we should be

forced to see, in the attitude which Rockefeller assumes toward the American people of "Forgive them, Father; they know not what they do," an example of Pharisaism too awful to fix upon any living man.

He says: "I am harnessed to a cart in which the people ride. Whether I like it or not, I must work for the rest."

It is possible that he believes this. He would be astounded—shocked—to know in how many minds those words create the picture of helpless, trussed and fettered people hauled to whatever fate their captor chooses, as men were in the tumbrils of the French Terror.

He cannot understand why thirty-five years of defiant law-breaking should have aroused ill-feeling against him. He has worked under a higher law. Some men were broken in purse and spirit, and competition of every kind was crushed mercilessly without regard for law, justice, honor or fair play. But he recalls those things as bygone trivialities, sometimes unpleasant, but necessary to fulfill his mission of becoming the world's benevolent financial despot. In the words of a younger Rockefeller, it is nothing but good gardening to tear all the buds but one from a rose bush, in order to develop one giant, perfect flower. It is a little hard on the buds that wished to bloom. But you cannot expect the gardener to think of them.

Assuredly our theory seems right. Rockefeller sleeps well at night, jokes with his friends and has nerves so steady that his golf-play is excellent. If the ruin of men and crimes against his country meant to him what they do to the normal man, he could not do these things. He is unconscious of crime. Actually, he may be sincere in the self-deception that he is "toiling for love of country."

He takes great pride in the thought that trade in petroleum has spread American commerce around the earth, has led to exports of $1,000,000,000, and has given employment to many thousands. And he thinks he has done these things! It never has occurred to him that America would have supplied the world's demand if Rockefeller and Standard Oil never had existed. It would startle him to be told that a man whose achievements consist solely of exploitation, and who has given to the world no discovery and no invention, has no claim to the world's gratitude.

He gives millions for education; he believes himself a developer of his country; he declares that he takes "keen delight in creating where nothing was." He never has dreamed of connecting himself with the barbarism, the poverty and the ignorance in the Southern mountain country. It is true that a quarter of a century ago Standard Oil bought, for a song, the oil and many mineral rights in the Cumberland and other ranges, filled then and now with riches. And it is true that the deliberate policy of the Standard Oil monopoly has left those regions, from that day to this, an unopened wilderness, the sanctuary of illiteracy and feud-murder.

Rockefeller does not see these things. It is not within his distorted brain to understand that the mass of his countrymen look upon his charities as restitution less commendable than that of mediaeval robbers who, when well frightened by thoughts of hell, gave bequests to the poor and founded monasteries—less commendable, because those ancient benevolences were based on penitence. The comment of the bewildered Rockefeller surely would be the query: Why should repentence be asked of him who has done no wrong?

Misguided, mistaken and meaningless to him are the words of men like Woodrow Wilson, Kenesaw Landis, and Attorney-General Bonaparte,

who declare that "a better moral effect would be produced by sending a few prominent men to jail than by a great deal of litigation, however successful, against the corporations."

Jail Rockefeller! He could not believe in so preposterous a possibility if he stood on the threshold of a dungeon. He a criminal, a public enemy, a law-breaker marked with blacker shame than a pickpocket or a counterfeiter? He could not believe that, if fined by forty judges forty times $29,000,000. He feels no sense of guilt. He is no normal man. He is a subject not for vituperation but for psychopathic study.

People who do not admire him annoy him, because they puzzle him. The "superman" he thinks is entitled to reverence. Chancellor Day has the correct standards. He calls Rockefeller the greatest American. Thomas Dixon, Jr., also appears to him to be a clear-eyed observer. He says that a man who can give away $32,000,000 is " a king among men —cast in a heroic mould, and far and away beyond any of his detractors." And Rockefeller, in all sincerity, wonders why every one does not approve and echo these self evident truths.

No fair-minded man would censure a gangrened toe which, if it could speak, would say to the surgeons: "Do not cut me off. If you do, the world would come to an end." Why, then, should the master of Standard Oil be blamed for speaking thus: "Admitting that the business world needs treatment, must it be said of the result that the operation was successful, but the patient died?"

We submit that his own words support our Rockefeller theory, which we put forth not dogmatically, but tentatively. We find a supporter of it in Miss Tarbell, who says: "Mr. Rockefeller is a fanatic. His great strength lies in his power to concentrate everything on one result and work to it without the least deviation. He has been doing that from the first, but he never has grown morally or socially."

When alienists in future generations discuss the existence or nonexistence of that mental abnormality sometimes called "moral idiocy," accurate studies of this noted citizen should have much scientific value.—*The North American,* Philadelphia.

The Cheap Parcels Post.

Postmaster General Meyer believes in a cheap parcels post as an institution of benefit to the people, and is officially advocating its adoption by the government. The idea is meeting with strong opposition, principally from the small country merchants, who will do all they can to prevent its adoption, believing that it will be an injury to their business.

This would seem to be a groundless fear. It must be remembered that to a limited extent we already have a cheap parcels post. Under our present postal laws merchandise or other articles of any kind may be sent through the mails, the weight of packages so sent being restricted to four pounds, at a cost of one cent for each ounce of weight. A parcels post could not possibly be anything more than the extension of this system, either by reducing rates or extending the weight limit of the packages, or both. This would be of great advantage to the people, and it certainly should be done. So far as injury to country merchants is concerned, our present parcels post system is doing all that the extended system could do. All the injury possible being done, the system should certainly be extended to do all the good possible to be derived from it.

The greatest loss to local trade that would result from mail order business is in the smaller articles of trade

and light merchandise. This we have already, and the big mail order houses of the larger cities do considerable business in this way. Yet nobody can point out any injury that is done local business by their petty mail order business. The advantages which the local dealer possesses, in allowing the customer a personal inspection and selection, and in other ways not necessary to enumerate here, are more than enough to offset the best claims that the mail order dealers can make. Brought down to its last analysis it is not the mail facilities, not the parcels post, which is the enemy the local dealers or country merchant has to dread, but his own lack of progressiveness, and failure to make the best use of opportunities at his command. He does not properly present what he has to offer to the people, and set forth the advantages to them of dealing with him. He doesn't advertise properly. To the merchant who uses printer's ink liberally at home, the mail order house in a distant city is a competitor at whom he can snap his fingers.

Then why should not the parcels post be extended, and the people be given the advantage of cheap rates for the delivery of articles sent through the mail, as far as this can be done without loss in the carriage system? The parcels post system in its enlarged form has been adopted by nearly all European countries, and has been found to be of great benefit to the people.

Why should we not have the same in our country?—Augusta (Ga.) *Herald.*

What the Press Says of Us.

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